

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
TO THE

Nonconformist.

"THE DISSIDENCE OF DISSENT AND THE PROTESTANTISM OF THE PROTESTANT RELIGION."

VOL. XVI.—NEW SERIES, No. 478.]

LONDON: WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1854.

[PRICE 6d.]

Reviews.

The Monumental History of Egypt, as recorded on the Ruins of her Temples, Palaces, and Tombs. By WILLIAM OSBURN, R.S.L., Author of "The Antiquities of Egypt," &c. 2 vols. London: Trübner and Co.

WHAT an indescribably valuable contribution will be here made to Universal History, if the pretensions of this title-page are borne out and satisfied in the work itself; if the history of Egypt is here with accuracy and certainty read off her wonderful monumental remains;—if the hitherto intractable fragments of that history are here reduced to order, and placed indisputably in their true relations;—if the perplexed questions of chronology and the succession of dynasties receive an admissible solution;—if the difficult reconciliation of sculptures and inscriptions with Papyri and Greek and Latin writers is brought to a satisfactory or even plausible result;—if, in short, that dim, strange old world, whose magnificent ruins have hitherto at once provoked our eager curiosity and baffled our inquiries, enticed us to elaborate hypotheses and then utterly refuted them, is here, at last, disclosed to us as it was—its features seized, and its facts narrated, so as to form a tolerably complete and coherent whole! Egypt has already borne "her testimony to the Truth" of which the Hebrew Scriptures are the depository. Her remains have brought us to regard the character and institutions and laws of the Israelites as not all an anomaly, or the result of a purely supernatural intervention, or the product of a nomad life of forty years, or the fruit of the genius of one lawgiver. They have shown us what was owing to Egypt, in the habits and manners, social arrangements and political institutions of the chosen people—who dwelt in Egypt as an organized nation, and came forth from it just what four hundred years of Egyptian life had made them—whose first protector in the land of the Pharaohs, and their final deliverer thence, were alike thoroughly Egyptianized, both in culture and by custom. And they have negatively taught us what was *not* owing to Egypt—what the Hebrew life and religion, and law and scripture, could not have derived from Memphis or from Sais. But if such a *History of Egypt* as we have spoken of, is now actually recovered from her monuments, how much more than all this is likely to be realized:—for the settlement of Egyptian chronology must tend greatly to clear up the Bible chronology, now in such a confused and unsatisfactory state; and will enable us to place rightly the periods of Abraham and of Joseph, and to complete, perhaps, vivid pictures of their contemporaries and the life of their times; and will probably furnish confirmation and elucidation of the Hebrew history, which, like the testimonies obtained from Nineveh, may scatter the hypotheses of sceptical critics to the winds, and vindicate to a proud and irreverent age, that old book, to which it seems ordained that the progressive science and historical discovery of every generation should bear tribute.

But can we reasonably hope for all these fruits from such a work as Mr. Osburn has here laboriously and learnedly completed? Certainly those who know *most* of Egypt's monuments, and of the attempts made at the interpretation of their hieroglyphics, will *least* expect it. At the very outset of the work of translation there lies an *assumption*,—namely, that the Coptic language may be taken to represent the ancient Egyptian: and to this is added *conjecture*, founded on the fact that certain words are found in the monumental inscriptions, to which there are no correspondents in the Coptic, or of which only the probable roots are to be discovered there; from which therefore it is inferred that the old Egyptian language had words which have become lost to the Coptic, and which an interpreter must conjecturally supply. For many of the results thus obtained, the evidence is far from satisfactory; and to the entire system of interpretation there are not wanting learned objectors. It is true that philologists almost universally sanction the assumption from

which this system starts; and it has been very variously and remarkably confirmed. Still, it has not yielded as yet a generally recognised lexicon, or even, we think we may say, alphabet; and although Lepsius—*facile princeps* of Egyptologists, and Bunsen—second only to Lepsius himself, and Mr. Birch of the British Museum, may be named as agreeing as to the *mode* of reading, and in a list of 150 phonetic signs representing 19 sounds, and in a dictionary of the old Egyptian to the extent of about 400 words; we yet find no mean names severely criticising Lepsius, and Dr. Hinckes boldly challenging Bunsen to apply the scheme to particular inscriptions, and other Egyptologists asserting that it is impossible to read with any certainty a hieroglyphical document of considerable length. We cannot, therefore, ourselves accept with confidence, the unconfirmed interpretations, nor rely on the conclusions arrived at, by any single authority, be he ever so eminent. The evidence is so far from demonstrative, and the conjectural element is so extensively prevalent, in all, even the most critical, of the results that have been reached, that we are excited to unusual jealousy in trying their merits, and receive with great caution at last that which seems to be best substantiated.

Mr. Osburn's volumes are no exception to these general remarks; they are invaluable, imposingly grand, if reliable; but he is too sanguine, too bold, too plausible, to be implicitly trusted. To be easily satisfied with a show of evidence, to be fertile in conjecture, and to be miraculously quick-sighted for analogies, are doubtful qualifications for antiquarian and learned research—especially with Egypt for the field. But Mr. Osburn is very much more than all this. He has an intimate knowledge of the whole literature of his subject—is "learned with all the learning of the Egyptologists." He knows the monuments of Egypt, by long, familiar examination, and faithful, laborious study. He is not only conversant with the remains that are consigned to museums, but is at home in Egypt, and has seen and dwelt among her palaces and tombs, has mused over their sculptures and read their inscriptions, with the earnest spirit and patient hope of one who believed that he could compel those silent splendid ruins to tell him their story, and to yield up the secrets of their country's sublime and mysterious past. Few men have more right, in virtue of their learning or their labour, to be heard with respect and reverence on the subject of the monuments and history of Egypt. And while we pause over many of his pages, wishful and hopeful that they may be true, but not wholly convinced of it, we deny him no confidence he is entitled to; and are much more in a mood of willingness to be instructed by him, than of vain conceit that we can successfully criticise him. The remainder of our present task will, therefore, be simply to give some account of the contents of these volumes.

It is Mr. Osburn's first merit, that he makes his reader acquainted with the principles on which his reading of the Egyptian hieroglyphics has been conducted. He gives a detailed account of the several steps of Champollion's celebrated discovery of the key to the well-known Rosetta inscription—but he passes by in silence the labours of Dr. Young, who seems to us entitled to the praise of having given the first fruitful suggestion. He then exhibits what has been done by Bunsen, Lepsius, and Birch, for the development and perfecting of Champollion's discovery; and adds an alphabet and syllabary of phonetic hieroglyphics thus far ascertained. Mr. Osburn has his own theory of the process by which the hieroglyphic writing was constructed; and it not only differs from that of every other authority, but also inverts all their reasoning. The order invariably followed has been this:—the representation of a visible object by a picture has been assumed to be the first step; this, it is concluded, was followed by the gradual invention of symbols; and, lastly, phonetics were discovered, though never perfected into a pure alphabet, representing sounds only. Mr. Osburn believes the more obvious and intelligible explanation, and the one conformed to the dictates of common sense,

to be, that the entire system was the invention of a few minds prepared by previous culture and experience for the task,—but that through some strange anomaly in the history of man, they had been deprived of great part of the language, and the entire written system, which had formerly been the means and vehicle of their civilization; although they still appear to have been acquainted with the principle on which the Hebrew alphabet was constructed. He argues for this theory from the facts,—that the oldest texts, as he maintains, exhibit the system in its greatest perfection,—and that certain constructions pervade it entirely, with undeviating regularity.

The method of the interpretations given in this volume is then illustrated, and their truth vindicated, by a version of the Greek inscription on the Rosetta stone, and an analysis, line by line, of all the hieroglyphic original. This has never been accomplished before; and the very attempt will be appreciated by students of Egyptian archaeology, as a most useful and praiseworthy service. This explanatory matter being disposed of, the author then commences his history, which claims to be received with confidence on the grounds of fact and theory laid down in the introduction.

Mr. Osburn places emphasis on the fact, that the materials for his history are embodied in untranslated hieroglyphic texts. Of the classic sources of our knowledge of Egypt, he has little to say; and that little is principally derived from the important labours of Bunsen. We only pause to remark, that he has no opinion of poor old Herodotus, who, he thinks, while scrupulously veracious in recording what he saw and was told, was clearly humbugged by the priests, and was the victim of some "rascally dragoman" upon whom he was unfortunately dependent as his interpreter. It is to the lists of Manetho that the author turns for guidance as to the chronology of the history of ancient Egypt. These form the ground-plot of his inquiries, and are the only authority by which the monumental remains can be arranged in order of time, or their testimonies harmonized with the facts recorded by the Greek writers. Manetho's arrangement is, therefore, strictly adhered to throughout. But, of course, Mr. Osburn has to address himself to the notable difficulty presented by the *numbers* furnished by the lists of Manetho,—a thorny question, his treatment of which will have to submit to the criticism of his more learned readers. It is one, however, which cannot be made intelligible to ordinary readers within a narrow space; and we, consequently, must simply state that the author adopts the following general conclusions, as deducible from the comparison of Manetho with himself and with Eratosthenes. 1. That some of the dynasties of Manetho must have been contemporaneous, especially the earlier ones:—on this point the author follows Bunsen and Lepsius. And seeing that Egypt was divided on its first settlement into nomes or provinces, the boundaries and usages and customs of which were component parts of the common law of Egypt in all periods, it is highly probable that the founder of each new city was accounted the king of it, and of the surrounding district or nome. Lepsius even considers this contemporaneity of dynasties to be decidedly attested by a genuine Manethonic proof. 2. Mr. Osburn further concludes that many of the kings in Manetho's lists must also have been co-regent; and thinks this is fully made out by his examination of the monuments. 3. That the chronological records of the Egyptian priests, as to both the vulgar and the canonical numbers, were constructed under the influence of "a lying spirit of exaggeration," with a view to exalt the antiquity and importance of Egypt, and are altogether unworthy of our confidence as exact history.

On this subject of Chronology, the readers of Mr. Osburn's volumes will think it necessary to make themselves acquainted with Lepsius's views of the Manethonic computation, corresponding with Bunsen's in all essential points, but differing from them greatly in particular results. The "Introduction to Egyptian Chronology," translated

by the Misses Horner, and revised by Lepsius himself, will enable them to compare Mr. Osburn's conclusions with the chief authorities and latest investigations. We cannot here make a comparison of even the chief positions of our author and other Egyptologists; but may illustrate their important differences in two instances. Lepsius places Menes, the first man who ruled in Egypt, in B.C. 3893; Bunsen, in B.C. 3843; while Mr. Osburn, by a purely historical argument, consisting of many parts, maintains the entire impossibility of these numbers, and brings Menes within the date ordinarily considered to be that of the Deluge, namely, B.C. 2500. That Mr. Osburn rests his proof on grounds by no means unassailable, we are, however, compelled to admit. Again, Lepsius places the entrance of Jacob into Egypt in the reign of Sethos, father of the great Ramses, and the Exodus under the reign of Menephthes, the son of the same Ramses; thus allowing some 90 or 100 years for the whole term of Israel's residence in Egypt. Bunsen, on the other hand, agreeing with Lepsius as to the Exodus having taken place under Menephthes, places Jacob's entrance into Egypt under Sesostri II., which makes Israel's sojourn in Egypt extend to above 1400 years—reducible, perhaps, by Lepsius's computation of dates, some few hundreds, but still leaving a period of upwards of a thousand years, on one authority, as against less than a hundred on the authority of the other! Mr. Osburn differs from each of these, as to both the starting and terminal points of the computation; and while Bunsen and Lepsius agree that the arrival of the Israelites could not possibly have taken place under the Hyksos, or Shepherd Kings,—Mr. Osburn maintains, on what he conceives to be sufficient monumental evidence, that Joseph, and subsequently his family, became settled in Egypt under Aphophis (Phio), the first of these very Shepherds, then ruling in Lower Egypt; and that Sesostri-Ramses, who annexed the Delta to Egypt Proper, was "the king who knew not Joseph" and oppressed the people; and that under his successor, Sethos II, the Exodus took place, after a sojourn of the Israelites extending to within two years and a half of the 430 assigned to the bondage by the Hebrew Scriptures.

We have already intimated that we do not claim to be critics of Mr. Osburn's interpretation of the monuments. It is also impossible for us to follow his footsteps through the whole of the history he has gathered from them. We must illustrate his method of combining his materials into coherent wholes, by extracting some particular passage. We could wish to give his most interesting and novel account of Mencheres, or Mycerinus; with respect to whose reign he brings together a strange amount of fact and plausible supposition, out of which arises a really startling result, that requires to be critically searched by competent scholars, and if established, will be acknowledged the most extraordinary of all chapters of recovered history. We may briefly say, that Mr. Osburn believes that he has identified Mizraim, or Iozar, the father of all Egyptians, with Osiris, the God of their dead,—that he has proved that Mencheres was the first to establish the worship of Osiris, and that Mencheres procured the deification of himself as Horus, son of Osiris,—that the limbs of Mizraim were actually dismembered, according to the Greek legend of Osiris, in order that each of the early cities of Egypt might possess the honour of being the burial-place of their common father,—that Mencheres, in his character as the embodiment of Horus, did actually, as the legend also alleges, make a general war for the recovery of these limbs, with a view to the completion of the mummy of Mizraim or Osiris, and its deposit at the city he delighted to honour, Abydos. Thus strangely is the Greek fable transmuted into real history! Then, Mr. Osburn points to this long and bloody war—jumping, as it seems to us, to a miraculously complete knowledge of its character—as the occasion of the confusion and blanks in the lists and the monuments after the reign of Mencheres. At the same time, these proceedings of Mencheres, or Mycerinus, endeared him to the priests as a great patron of religion, and procured for him the repute and sanctity so long attached to his name. Little less remarkable than even this, is the author's combination of facts and arguments and conjectures, for the production of a complete history of Sesostri. We are unable to withhold praise from the research, learning, and intellectual ability with which these portions of the history are developed; but are, also, bound to say, that the grounds on which weighty conclusions are rested, seem to us (perhaps because we know no more of the original materials,) exceedingly slender, and that we sometimes fail altogether to see the correspondences and relations which Mr. Osburn regards as certain. The ingenious conjectures which form the links between fact and fact, may be verified; but we are not yet in a position to receive them as more than conjecture. Mr. Osburn is always plausible; and often he approaches to demonstration. The diffi-

culty we feel in accepting his interesting and likely-looking results in their entire body, is, that they are wholly unconfirmed in essential points; but that is a difficulty which may be removed. Perhaps the only thing possible at present, is sincere study, patient waiting, and suspense of judgment.

But we must seek our illustrative extract; and it shall be on the moot point of *The Shepherd Kings*. We must premise that Mr. Osburn identifies, we think beyond all dispute, the Hanes of the Bible with Sebennytus in the Delta. Haneh, the god Hercules, a dialectic variation of whose name is *Sevneh*, was worshipped here, and gave the name to the place; so that the corresponding Greek name would be Heracleopolis. In Sebennytus, says our author, reigned the 9th and 10th dynasties of Heracleopolitan or Sebennytic kings of Lower Egypt, and were contemporaneous with the 11th and 12th dynasties in Upper Egypt. The political issue of the wars of Mencheres had been this division of the kingdom into two independent and rival monarchies. Now, Manetho was a native of Sebennytus; and it was natural that he should wish to save his birth-place the disgrace in the eyes of the Greeks, of having been ruled for two dynasties by these Pharaohs of Lower Egypt, the hated rivals of the Mencherian dynasties: he, therefore, in composing his lists, called Sebennytus by its Greek corresponding name of Heracleopolis, and thus sent the wits of all inquirers for the seat of the Shepherd-Kings, "a wool-gathering to Middle Egypt," where was another insignificant and historically unimportant Heracleopolis. It must further be stated, that it was assuredly during the reign of Amuntimæus, the builder of the *Labyrinth* (recently disinterred by Lepsius), that Memphis was taken by Salatis the Shepherd:—respecting whom Mr. Osburn shall now proceed.

"Our surprise and perplexity will experience no diminution when we proceed to examine the name of Salatis. He was not only a native Pharaoh, but the native Pharaoh, the rightful heir to the throne, the descendant from Menes in the direct line. He was, in a word, the Heracleopolitan or Sebennytic king of Lower Egypt, the son of the last monarch of the 10th dynasty, who, as we explained, reigned in the Delta contemporaneously with the 12th dynasty.

"We have, at length, found the key to the whole mystery of the shepherd invasion. It is a gross fabrication. It is the narrative of an adverse event by the defeated faction, wherein the conquerors are made as hateful as possible to the reader. It is a precious piece of partizan writing, like the history of our Commonwealth by a cavalier, or the account of a Tory administration of the last century from the pen of a Whig. We must, therefore, endeavour to get at the truth by comparing it with the indications of the monuments. The circumstances of the case are by no means hard to understand.—While the Diopolitan Pharaohs of the 12th dynasty were, as we have seen, occupying themselves chiefly with the improvement of the fertility of the Faioum and the lands adjacent to the canal they had conducted thither, and with extension by conquest of the southern border of Egypt, it would be a consequence absolutely inevitable at this early time, that their northern border would be comparatively neglected. Memphis we find to have been governed by viceroys, and in every instance wherein we are able to identify them, they prove to have been very young princes, and, therefore, equally inexperienced in the arts of government and defence. At the same time, the Heracleopolitan or Sebennytic Pharaohs in the Delta were gradually recovering themselves from the state of deep depression in which we left them [at the end of the last volume.] At the commencement of the 12th dynasty this prostration seems to have been at the lowest. Heliopolis as well as Memphis was in the possession of their rivals, and the first Amenemes and Sesostriis ransacked the shrines and remaining Buisirides [tombs of the remains of Osiris] of the Delta at their pleasure, making with the spoils thereof new gods and unions of gods as their fancy or their policy dictated. As, however, the 12th dynasty proceeded, their power in the Delta visibly diminished. We hear no more of mythic changes indicated by their royal names. Heliopolis also seems to have been lost to Upper Egypt on the demise of Sesostriis. None of his immediate successors have inscribed their names there. The decline of their power in Lower Egypt is clearly indicated hereby, and we have found the sufficient cause of this diminution. The Sebennytic Pharaohs in the meanwhile were not merely recovering gradually the ground whence they had retreated, but also strengthening themselves for aggression upon their conquerors by the careful development of the productive powers of their territory. They likewise encouraged liberally the immigration and settlement in the Delta of the Canaanite traders and shepherd rangers of the desert of Suez, making treaties of amity with their petty kings and princes, and even forming matrimonial alliances with them, as Menes himself had done with the Phutite princess whose father he had dispossessed of the site of Memphis. By the steady pursuit of this policy, the clear indications of which will abundantly appear hereafter, the Sebennytic Pharaohs had grown once more into strong and formidable potentates in the course of a century that has elapsed since they last came under our notice. It does not appear that any war actually broke out between the two rival pretensions in the course of this interval. The indignities, however, committed by Amenemes and his son upon the shrines of Amun and Koith, and upon all the remaining Buisirides, could excite a deep feeling of indignation and smothered resentment, not only among the subjects of the Sebennytic Pharaohs, but in the breasts of the inhabitants of the whole of the North of Egypt. The capture of Memphis by Salatis [Salatis] (in whatever part of the reign of Amuntimæus it occurred) was an outburst of popular feeling long suppressed. It was an act of vengeance, in which all Lower Egypt joined, against the representatives of those who had profaned their local gods and outraged their sense of religion."

Mr. Osburn enters subsequently into a detailed account of the evidences on which he rests the conclusion—in the teeth of all authority, ancient and modern—that the expellers of Amuntimæus were

not Phenician shepherds and foreigners, but the native Pharaohs of Lower Egypt. By an examination of the history of the shepherd invasion of the lists, in comparison with that in the narrative quoted by Josephus, he ascertains that—

"These two versions contradict each other in some points. In others they contradict themselves. The lists say that these kings were foreigners and Phenician shepherds. The history says nothing of the kind; but clearly leaves us to infer that they were Egyptians, whose family had not before sat on the throne of Memphis. The Christian chronographers who compiled the lists have been misled on this point by Josephus, the Jew, who quotes the history. He had a favourite notion that this dynasty of kings was a Jewish family, and, therefore, he translated the epithet, Hyksos, which was applied to them in the temple records, 'Shepherd-Kings,' because his forefathers, who came into Egypt, were shepherds. But this was merely an accommodative rendering for the convenience of his own theory. The word really means, 'a vile [ignominious] king,' if its import in the language of Ancient Egypt is at all to be considered. (Ignominy, *ideness*, was the primitive meaning of the word. The secondary import was *shepherd*. The foreign allies of this dynasty were called *cattle-feeders* in the hieroglyphic texts, but not the kings. The Jewish writers confused this distinction.) One consideration will suffice to establish the fabulous character of this narrative. These strangers were a race of barbarians. Yet the conqueror of Amuntimæus was also the reclamer of the Saïtes nome, and the founder of a dynasty of six successive kings with remarkably long reigns; one of the succession being the patron of Joseph, under whom Egypt enjoyed unexampled prosperity. The same authorities also ascribe the final reform of the calendar to this race of barbarians. Aphophis added the five days of the apact to the year; and Asses brought it still nearer to exactitude by the addition of half-a-day at the end of each month, which is the nearest approach to true time that it is possible to make with months of uniform length. Here, then, was progressive improvement, in the most difficult of all questions, effected for Egypt by these foreign barbarians. The impossibilities which are involved here are very palpable."

It is then shown that the names of these so-called Shepherd-Kings, are all paronomastic perversions of real names into opprobrious epithets or nick-names. Three of these names are identified with hieroglyphic names, that have escaped the mutilation and destruction with which the tombs of the kings of this dynasty were visited at a very ancient period: and the Chamber of Karnak is made to bear additional testimony, which cannot be represented here without the hieroglyphic text, Mr. Osburn considers the proof to be complete, that the *Shepherd invasion* was a *standarous perversion of the conquest of Memphis by the Lower Egyptian Pharaohs*. We must leave the critical decision of the point in other hands. Mr. Osburn has, at the very least, made out a good case.

In leaving these volumes we do not need formally to recommend them,—they abundantly recommend themselves to every student of Egypt's antiquities or of general history. They contain most precious materials. They tend altogether to the confirmation and illustration of the Bible history. They contain vivid pictures of the society, art, and religion of Egypt, in the remotest times, before the Pentateuch was written, or Moses was rescued from the Nile, or Joseph was prime minister of Pharaoh-Aphophis. They are written with great elegance and spirit,—indeed, with very remarkable ability. They are, also, most profusely and splendidly illustrated—with maps, with hundreds of cuts of hieroglyphics, and with numerous plates, in lithograph outline, or beautifully printed in full colour.

Cambridge University Transactions during the Puritan Controversies of the 16th and 17th Centuries. Collected by JAMES HEYWOOD, M.P., F.R.S., &c., and THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A., &c., 2 vols. London: H. G. Bohn.

The name of Mr. Heywood will be ever associated with the useful University reforms that have been recently effected. To his untiring and zealous Parliamentary services, he here adds literary labours in the same cause. The important volumes before us are the fruit of research and diligence to which praise and gratitude are due from every historical student. Mr. Heywood's learned coadjutor, Mr. Wright, is also entitled to the same thanks; and inasmuch as the labours of these fellow-workers are not distinguished from each other, we must give them common commendations, appreciative, respectful, and emphatic.

The body of valuable historical matter contained in these volumes is scarcely such as the newspaper critic can adequately represent. An account of their contents, though it were a mere list of the documents they comprise, would extend beyond the bounds of such a notice as this. And, from their great variety, they are incapable of being represented by the reprint of isolated passages, or of a few selected papers or letters. What is required, is such an embodiment of the materials here furnished, in a general view of Cambridge University during the Puritan period, as a writer in one of the *Quarterlies*, possessing the requisite historical culture, and with plenty of space at command, would be able to produce. As that is impossible here, we must simply attempt to give a notion of the variety and value of these documents, and leave them to be consulted and studied by those of our readers who are interested in the history either of

the Puritan age or of the University in those significant days.

The volumes open with the Statutes drawn up by Dr. Whitgift, and given to the University by the authority of Elizabeth, in 1570. In the letters and public papers that follow, we are enabled to trace the application of these Statutes in various directions; by which the government of the University was concentrated in the hands of the Heads of Houses, and all heretical or obnoxious political doctrine checked and punished. Specially directed, as Whitgift's statutes were, against the rising Puritanism, we have, in the proceedings and controversies which they occasioned, and which here appear in the original documents, much important illustration of the jealousy and bitterness with which those suspected of Puritanism were opposed. The well-known case of Cartwright, who suffered "academical martyrdom" from the new statutory authority, was followed by many others, of greater or less interest and importance, the records of which are also here presented to the reader. The personal character and ecclesiastical aims of the notorious Matthew Parker, receive much light from the study at first hand of the letters written by him to the Queen, Lord Burghley, and the University, which may be found in these pages. The cases of Charke, Aldrich, Francis Johnson, and several others in successive years, persecuted for their confessed Puritanism, or for imputed leanings to the hated party, are all preserved, in numerous official and private papers, in the very forms they took while yet the persecution raged against them: and there is a certain vividness given to them as so presented, which the generalities of later historical writing cannot compare with. Passing by much more such material, we come to the royal mandate by which, in 1613, compulsory subscription to the three articles of the thirty-sixth canon was imposed on all proceeding to graduate. In 1640, the Parliament interfered for the removal of these religious tests; and even Charles II., in 1660, confirmed that measure of justice. But two years afterwards, the Act of Uniformity organized a regular system of tests, and settled finally the practice of the University. The documents relating to these changes are here printed; and extracts given from the Act of Uniformity, so far as it relates to the Universities. Altogether it is a very edifying picture that forms itself before us,—the ancient University of Cambridge, at once disturbed, weakened and degraded by the intolerance of a religious party, which ever and anon implores the aid of the secular power, for the punishment by fine and imprisonment, as well as by the loss of academical status, of those of her own sons who, by their piety and learning, are her very salt in bad and corrupt times.

But the controversies that rise from the dead in these old solemn-voiced papers, are not all so dignified as those we have referred to. The *privileges* of the University are again and again in dispute. Often, had the Vice-Chancellor, with offended pride and flooding indignation, to beseech my Lord Burghley, or Chancellors of subsequent days, to interfere for his own honour, and for the protection of the University against the mayor, justices of the peace, constables, or tradespeople of the "Town." The "Gown" was not less arrogant and impudent then, than in recent times—happily now amending—it has shown itself to be. Numerous letters on the subject of actual fights, and frequent lugubrious complaints of injury or insult, here faithfully tell of the contests of those days gone by. In one very undignified letter, there are "charges" against the mayor, in which the University "dons" take up the poor man's "early education," and his having been a "servant," and his having shown "ingratitude to Archbishop Parker,"—in a manner that is amusing enough, in all conscience. "Snobs" are of no late origin, on the evidence of that letter. Then, there are some most sixteenth-century "graces" of the Senate; forbidding the sale or letting of any houses or lands belonging to colleges or members of the University, to any of the "townspeople," without a license from the Vice-Chancellor and masters!—and again, another, declaring that any scholars "siding with the townspeople are, *ipso facto*, to lose their scholastic privileges for ever." Nor were there wanting those irregularities of life and conduct, which, in every age, will break out under the best regulations, and severest discipline. The whole mass of depositions and correspondence relating to a case of licentiousness by a scholar, furnishes evidence that there was no looseness as to the maintenance of the morality of the University in those days. Other "proceedings in court" relate to suspected characters, who were as sharply looked after then, as by the Proctors and their "bull-dogs" now-a-days; and it would appear that cases then arose in which the particular right claimed by the University, seriously infringed or endangered the liberty of the subject.

It is utterly impossible to even enumerate the kinds of document that these volumes contain, as to the internal government of the University—the removal of abuses—the vindication of pri-

villeges—and the extension of authority. One general result to which they all point is, the consolidation of rights and powers, legitimate and illegitimate, in the hands of a ruling few within the University. To this, even matters the meanest and most insignificant were made to contribute. To this there was a gradual progress, as it seems to us, through the whole of the Puritan period; and though the commonwealth effected changes and modifications—some of them made rudely and hastily enough—these only gave force to the reaction, which followed the Restoration, and which reached its height after that "god-send" for a tyrannical Church and encroaching University, the Act of Uniformity. But, we had no intention of being polemical; when we began this notice; and we will here add only one fact, to which (as on all other points we have touched,) these volumes bear witness; namely, that the decision taken by the Heads of Houses, in 1608, that residence in the University after taking the Bachelor's degree should be *optional*, was the means of both converting the educational system into a sham, and of rendering higher degrees really worthless, because they were merely nominal. It is also remarked by the Editors, that—"Ancient religious foundations were by this remarkable 'interpretation,' virtually secularised, and a liberty, unknown to ancient times, was permitted to the junior fellows of colleges, of residence at a distance from the University." To this root may be traced much of the educational feebleness, and many of the glaring abuses, of the University system in modern times.

There are interesting materials for a picture of life and manners in University society, in the 17th century, in several portions of these volumes. The letters of Joseph Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville,—the extracts from the "Life of Oliver Heywood,"—and the Diary of Dr. Worthington, Master of Jesus College, ejected in 1660,—nearly cover the century down to the latter date; and bring before us vividly the interior of Cambridge life, under the first Stuarts and in the time of the Commonwealth. Although from a sense of the inadequacy to the illustration of the volumes, of any extracts we might give, we had resolved to make none at all; we can hardly deny our readers a specimen of the "bits" the historian may find here. The following are extracts from Mr. Mead's letters before referred to, here printed from the Harleian Manuscripts.

Jesus.—"6 July, 1622: There arrived lately at Lynne one with trunks and boxes, whereof he was so nice; that he caused the searcher to see what he had, who found with him a wonderful rich altar of amber; a year long, and three qrs. wide, with divers brave and curious saints finely layd in their beds, &c. Fearing the discovery of all, he got what he could carry with him, and slipped away from them downe the river to Cambridge. But being discovered which way he went, the searcher made after him, at length gott sight of him, and dogd him hither. He housed at Hobsons [Milton's Hobson, and author of 'Hobson's Choice'], would have hired a horse for London, but was apprehended and brought before the vice-chancellor on Monday morning, who found with him a wonderfull curious chalice, with a rich cover all amber. In the cover a picture of some young prince, some say the king of France, but others come more nere to us at home. The vice-chancellor having then no leisure, bestowed him till the commencement was past: what they will do with him I know not."

"Tonding" the Spanish Ambassador.—"22nd Feb. 1622. I will tell you a pretty Cambridge accident, as I am informed. On Ash Wednesday there is a comedie at Trinitie Colledge, whereupon the Spanish ambassador, and the ambassador of Braxells, being at court, his majestie sent word that they went to come both to see the comedie, &c. The name of the comedie is Ignatius Loyola, and, as I guess, the argument according. Hereupon the seniors of Trinity have bin much puled, and have moved the doctors to write to his majestie how the case standes; and that either the ambassadors must not come, or the comedie must not be acted. — 1 March, 1622. I shall not need tell you how we entertained the ambassadors of Spaine and Braxells; how the vice-chancellor, doctors, regents, hon-regents, mett them at Trinity Colledge gate; how most of the colledge was taken up for them; how they had a speech in every colledge they came to see; how our orators fatherd the foundation of the University upon the Spanyards out of the old legend of Cantaber, how happie we were not onely to see them here, but should be to have the Spanish blood come hither, &c. How, when they walked privately to Kings Chappel in the middle of prayers time, they presently broke off prayers in the middle to entertaine them. Every body thinks not this hansom. How our doctors pledged healths to the infants and the archduchesses, and if any left too big a snuffe, Columbo would cry, *Supernaculum, supernaculum*. How Columbo the Spanish ambassador, Fernando the Braxells, a lord agent for the archduchess in ordinary, the King of Spaines privat secretary, and sir Lewis Lewknor; these five took the degree of Masters of Art in our regent house. How they made sute for one Ogden, a priest of their company (and one of St. John's Colledge, and borne in this towne), for the like favour, and were denyed as a thing not in our power, unless he would take the oath, which he would not, &c. And how the sayd Ogden outfaced us all in our owne dunghill, and threatened us all openly that the king should know of it, and such like. Fame will tell you of these things: I need not trouble you."

Accommodation of Pupils in College Chambers.—"For Mr. John [son of Sir Martin Stuteville] I shall take order (if you send money) that his gownde shalbe suitable every way to his condition. But I must desire you to give him a lls. in his purse to pay for his admission, 10s. to the colledge, and the lecturer 12d., that I may keep my promise, that it should never be payd out of hand, for this is all left me to have my will in. . . . For chamber, the best I have in my power, that John Higham sleeps

in, hath 2 studies, and nere me; and I had thought to have devised some change, that they might keep together; otherwise I must dispose of your son in the new building, where I have a study voyd in one of the best chambers. (The new building hath but 2 studies in chambers, and 2 beds.) But a master of art is the chamber fellow; he makes it thereby inconvenient for my use. I have no way but to sett one of my batchelors (March); who keeps in the same building, to keep with the master of art, and let yours have use of his study, though it be not in so good a chamber. For bedding, we shall make a shift perhaps, for a week, till we know better what is needfull. If he sleeps in the new building, he must have a whole bedding, because he lyes alone; if in another chamber, where he hath a bedfellow, they must make a bed between them, and his part will be more or lesse, according as his bedfellow is furnished."

An Accident—Age of Undergraduates in 1625.—"On Wednesday, after supper, Sir Thomas Grantham's son and aetie, of St. Johns Colledge, some 13 yeares of age, as he was running after a ball without their tennis court,

let himself into the river; and trying to a Botemian setting by, he with his oare raised him, and took him out dead, swolne and black, without any hope to recover life, and some say it was 3 or 4 houres before he came to himself; and yet, God be thanked, is now like to outlive it."

The Plague—Precautions—and Scarcity of Provisions.—"We have this morning some suspicion as though there were one dead of the plague in the towne, who came hither but last night; but I hope it is not true; for we suspect almost everybody that dyes. The University is yet very full of scholars, wherof I much wonder. I desire to be at Durham Munday come staight, which will be soon nere; a week is soon gone. I cannot suffer; I have performed twice, and must againe to morrow sennight; but I think I shall think the time long, and be forced to you for want of victual. All our market to-day could not supplie us commons for night. I am steward; and am faine to appoint egges, apple-pyes, and custards, for want of other fete. They will suffer nothing to come from Ely. Beles are absolutely forbidden to be brought to our market, so are fowles. You see what tis to have a physician among the heads. You cannot have leave scarce to take the air. We have but one master of art in our colledge, and this week he was punished 10d. for giving the porters boy a box on the eare, because he would not let him out at the gates. You may by this gather I have small solace with being here; and therefore will hast all I can to be in a place of more libertie and societie, for I have never a pupill at home; and yet, God be thanked, our towne is free so much as of the very suspicion of infection."

These are but scraps of a valuable and interesting series of letters. Dr. Worthington's Diary, which exhibits a few University interiors at a later period, under the Commonwealth, contains little that can be directly quoted; but it brings the active life of that time, when masters of colleges preached almost weekly, engaged in scholastic exercises, and had other public occupations, into striking contrast with the existing state of things at both Oxford and Cambridge. Extracts are given in these volumes from "Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy," and from the Journals of Parliament, in further illustration of the period. The larger part of the documents given are printed from the Harleian MSS.; the Lansdowne MSS., and other original sources; others of them have previously been published in the *Collection of Letters, Statutes, &c.*, made by the late Dr. Lamb, Master of Corpus Christi College. When it is understood that these volumes contain the great body of the public papers of the University, for the years comprised—the "graces of the Senate," decrees, official correspondence, and the letters of the Chancellors Burghley and Buckingham especially,—it will be felt that it is a perfectly authoritative work. It is of great value to the general, and still more to the ecclesiastical, historian. And it has no few important suggestions for those who would confirm and illustrate historically, the claims now made for an unrestricted use of the Universities by the whole nation.

Jerusalem Revisited. By W. H. BARTLETT, Author of "Walks about Jerusalem," &c. With Illustrations. London: A. Hall, Virtue, and Co.

This book has a melancholy interest. It is the last that we shall receive from the hand of that accomplished artist and pleasing writer, to whom we owe "The Nile Boat," "The Overland Route," "The Pilgrim Fathers," and similar works. For some years past we have looked to the Christmas gift-book season, with delightful anticipation of the annual treat Mr. Bartlett has been accustomed to afford us. The pleasure will return no more. Even while we sadly and missingly turn these pages, and examine these exquisite little sketches, the mortal remains of the artist lie beneath the waters of the Mediterranean. "During the brief interval," says his brother, "which elapsed between the preparation of this work and the usual period of publication, the melancholy tidings have reached England of the sudden and premature decease of the Author." After a few hours' illness, he died on his voyage homeward. In these brief words we pay our sincere tribute of respect and regret to the memory of one so deserving, who instructed us by all he wrote, and gratified the lovers of art by the always beautiful and successful illustrations, which gave the characteristic feature to his works.

When the present volume was projected, it was intended to re-write the author's first production, the "Walks about Jerusalem," and to incorporate fresh matter and engravings, relating to the

by the Misses Horner, and revised by Lepsius himself, will enable them to compare Mr. Osburn's conclusions with the chief authorities and latest investigations. We cannot here make a comparison of even the chief positions of our author and other Egyptologists; but may illustrate their important differences in two instances. Lepsius places Menes, the first man who ruled in Egypt, in B.C. 3893; Bunsen, in B.C. 3643; while Mr. Osburn, by a purely historical argument, consisting of many parts, maintains the entire impossibility of these numbers, and brings Menes within the date ordinarily considered to be that of the Deluge, namely, B.C. 2500. That Mr. Osburn rests his proof on grounds by no means unassailable, we are, however, compelled to admit. Again, Lepsius places the entrance of Jacob into Egypt in the reign of Sethos, father of the great Ramses, and the Exodus under the reign of Menephtes, the son of the same Ramses; thus allowing some 90 or 100 years for the whole term of Israel's residence in Egypt. Bunsen, on the other hand, agreeing with Lepsius as to the Exodus having taken place under Menephtes, places Jacob's entrance into Egypt under Sesostri II., which makes Israel's sojourn in Egypt extend to above 1400 years—reducible, perhaps, by Lepsius's computation of dates, some few hundreds, but still leaving a period of upwards of a thousand years, on one authority, as against less than a hundred on the authority of the other! Mr. Osburn differs from each of these, as to both the starting and terminal points of the computation; and while Bunsen and Lepsius agree that the arrival of the Israelites could not possibly have taken place under the Hyksos, or Shepherd Kings,—Mr. Osburn maintains, on what he conceives to be sufficient monumental evidence, that Joseph, and subsequently his family, became settled in Egypt under Aphophis (Phio), the first of these very Shepherds, then ruling in Lower Egypt; and that Sesostri-Ramses, who annexed the Delta to Egypt Proper, was "the king who knew not Joseph" and oppressed the people; and that under his successor, Sethos II, the Exodus took place, after a sojourn of the Israelites extending to within two years and a half of the 430 assigned to the bondage by the Hebrew Scriptures.

We have already intimated that we do not claim to be critics of Mr. Osburn's interpretation of the monuments. It is also impossible for us to follow his footsteps through the whole of the history he has gathered from them. We must illustrate his method of combining his materials into coherent wholes, by extracting some particular passage. We could wish to give his most interesting and novel account of Mencheres, or Mycerinus; with respect to whose reign he brings together a strange amount of fact and plausible supposition, out of which arises a really startling result, that requires to be critically searched by competent scholars, and if established, will be acknowledged the most extraordinary of all chapters of recovered history. We may briefly say, that Mr. Osburn believes that he has identified Mizraim, or Iozar, the father of all Egyptians, with Osiris, the God of their dead,—that he has proved that Mencheres was the first to establish the worship of Osiris, and that Mencheres procured the deification of himself as Horus, son of Osiris,—that the limbs of Mizraim were actually dismembered, according to the Greek legend of Osiris, in order that each of the early cities of Egypt might possess the honour of being the burial-place of their common father,—that Mencheres, in his character as the embodiment of Horus, did actually, as the legend also alleges, make a general war for the recovery of these limbs, with a view to the completion of the mummy of Mizraim or Osiris, and its deposit at the city he delighted to honour, Abydos. Thus strangely is the Greek fable transmuted into real history! Then, Mr. Osburn points to this long and bloody war—jumping, as it seems to us, to a miraculously complete knowledge of its character—as the occasion of the confusion and blanks in the lists and the monuments after the reign of Mencheres. At the same time, these proceedings of Mencheres, or Mycerinus, endeared him to the priests as a great patron of religion, and procured for him the repute and sanctity so long attached to his name. Little less remarkable than even this, is the author's combination of facts and arguments and conjectures, for the production of a complete history of Sesostri. We are unable to withhold praise from the research, learning, and intellectual ability with which these portions of the history are developed; but are, also, bound to say, that the grounds on which weighty conclusions are rested, seem to us (perhaps because we know no more of the original materials,) exceedingly slender, and that we sometimes fail altogether to see the correspondences and relations which Mr. Osburn regards as certain. The ingenious conjectures which form the links between fact and fact, may be verified; but we are not yet in a position to receive them as more than conjecture. Mr. Osburn is always plausible; and often he approaches to demonstration. The diffi-

culty we feel in accepting his interesting and likely-looking results in their entire body, is, that they are wholly unconfirmed in essential points; but that is a difficulty which may be removed. Perhaps the only thing possible at present, is sincere study, patient waiting, and suspense of judgment.

But we must seek our illustrative extract; and it shall be on the moot point of *The Shepherd Kings*. We must premise that Mr. Osburn identifies, we think beyond all dispute, the Hanes of the Bible with Sebennytus in the Delta. *Haneth*, the god Hercules, a dialectic variation of whose name is *Sevench*, was worshipped here, and gave the name to the place; so that the corresponding Greek name would be Heracleopolis. In Sebennytus, says our author, reigned the 9th and 10th dynasties of Heracleopolitan or Sebennytic kings of Lower Egypt, and were contemporaneous with the 11th and 12th dynasties in Upper Egypt. The political issue of the wars of Mencheres had been this division of the kingdom into two independent and rival monarchies. Now, Manetho was a native of Sebennytus; and it was natural that he should wish to save his birth-place the disgrace in the eyes of the Greeks, of having been ruled for two dynasties by these Pharaohs of Lower Egypt, the hated rivals of the Mencherian dynasties: he, therefore, in composing his lists, called Sebennytus by its Greek corresponding name of Heracleopolis, and thus sent the wits of all inquirers for the seat of the Shepherd-Kings, "a wool-gathering to Middle Egypt," where was another insignificant and historically unimportant Heracleopolis. It must further be stated, that it was assuredly during the reign of Amuntimæus, the builder of the *Labyrinth* (recently disinterred by Lepsius), that Memphis was taken by Salatis the Shepherd:—respecting whom Mr. Osburn shall now proceed.

"Our surprise and perplexity will experience no diminution when we proceed to examine the name of Salatis. He was not only a native Pharaoh, but the native Pharaoh, the rightful heir to the throne, the descendant from Menes in the direct line. He was, in a word, the Heracleopolitan or Sebennytic king of Lower Egypt, the son of the last monarch of the 10th dynasty, who, as we explained, reigned in the Delta contemporaneously with the 12th dynasty.

"We have, at length, found the key to the whole mystery of the shepherd invasion. It is a gross fabrication. It is the narrative of an adverse event by the defeated faction, wherein the conquerors are made as hateful as possible to the reader. It is a precious piece of partizan writing, like the history of our Commonwealth by a cavalier, or the account of a Tory administration of the last century from the pen of a Whig. We must, therefore, endeavour to get at the truth by comparing it with the indications of the monuments. The circumstances of the case are by no means hard to understand.—While the Diopolitan Pharaohs of the 12th dynasty were, as we have seen, occupying themselves chiefly with the improvement of the fertility of the Faoum and the lands adjacent to the canal they had conducted thither, and with extension by conquest of the southern border of Egypt, it would be a consequence absolutely inevitable at this early time, that their northern border would be comparatively neglected. Memphis we find to have been governed by viceroys, and in every instance wherein we are able to identify them, they prove to have been very young princes, and, therefore, equally inexperienced in the arts of government and defence. At the same time, the Heracleopolitan or Sebennytic Pharaohs in the Delta were gradually recovering themselves from the state of deep depression in which we left them [at the end of the last volume.] At the commencement of the 12th dynasty this prostration seems to have been at the lowest. Heliopolis as well as Memphis was in the possession of their rivals, and the first Amenemes and Sesortosis ransacked the shrines and remaining Busirides [tombs of the remains of Osiris] of the Delta at their pleasure, making with the spoils thereof new gods and unions of gods as their fancy or their policy dictated. . . . As, however, the 12th dynasty proceeded, their power in the Delta visibly diminished. We hear no more of mythic changes indicated by their royal names. Heliopolis also seems to have been lost to Upper Egypt on the demise of Sesortosis. None of his immediate successors have inscribed their names there. The decline of their power in Lower Egypt is clearly indicated hereby, and we have found the sufficient cause of this diminution. The Sebennytic Pharaohs in the meanwhile were not merely recovering gradually the ground whence they had retreated, but also strengthening themselves for aggression upon their conquerors by the careful development of the productive powers of their territory. They likewise encouraged liberally the immigration and settlement in the Delta of the Canaanite traders and shepherd rangers of the desert of Suez, making treaties of amity with their petty kings and princes, and even forming matrimonial alliances with them, as Menes himself had done with the Phutite princess whose father he had dispossessed of the site of Memphis. By the steady pursuit of this policy, the clear indications of which will abundantly appear hereafter, the Sebennytic Pharaohs had grown once more into strong and formidable potentates in the course of a century that has elapsed since they last came under our notice. It does not appear that any war actually broke out between the two rival pretensions in the course of this interval. The indignities, however, committed by Amenemes and his son upon the shrines of Amun and Reith, and upon all the remaining Busirides, could excite a deep feeling of indignation and smothered resentment, not only among the subjects of the Sebennytic Pharaohs, but in the breasts of the inhabitants of the whole of the North of Egypt. The capture of Memphis, by Salatis [Salatis] (in whatever part of the reign of Amuntimæus it occurred) was an outburst of popular feeling long suppressed. It was an act of vengeance, in which all Lower Egypt joined, against the representatives of those who had profaned their local gods and outraged their sense of religion."

Mr. Osburn enters subsequently into a detailed account of the evidences on which he rests the conclusion—in the teeth of all authority, ancient and modern—that the expellers of Amuntimæus were

not Phœnician shepherds and foreigners, but the native Pharaohs of Lower Egypt. By an examination of the history of the shepherd invasion of the lists, in comparison with that in the narrative quoted by Josephus, he ascertains that—

"These two versions contradict each other in some points. In others they contradict themselves. The lists say that these kings were foreigners and Phœnician shepherds. The history says nothing of the kind; but clearly leaves us to infer that they were Egyptians, whose family had not before sat on the throne of Memphis. The Christian chronographers who compiled the lists have been misled on this point by Josephus, the Jew, who quotes the history. He had a favourite notion that this dynasty of kings was a Jewish family, and, therefore, he translated the epithet, Hyksos, which was applied to them in the temple records, 'Shepherd-Kings,' because his forefathers, who came into Egypt, were shepherds. But this was merely an accommodative rendering for the convenience of his own theory. The word really means, 'a vile [ignominious] king,' if its import in the language of Ancient Egypt is at all to be considered. (*Ignominy, vileness*, was the primitive meaning of the word. The secondary import was *shepherd*. The foreign allies of this dynasty were called *cattle-feeders* in the hieroglyphic texts, but not the kings. The Jewish writers confused this distinction.) One consideration will suffice to establish the fabulous character of this narrative. These strangers were a race of barbarians. Yet the conqueror of Amuntimæus was also the reclamer of the Saïtes home, and the founder of a dynasty of six successive kings with remarkably long reigns; one of the succession being the patron of Joseph, under whom Egypt enjoyed unexampled prosperity. The same authorities also ascribe the final reform of the calendar to this race of barbarians. Aphophis added the five days of the epoch to the year; and Asses brought it still nearer to exactitude by the addition of half-a-day at the end of each month, which is the nearest approach to true time that it is possible to make with months of uniform length. Here, then, was progressive improvement, in the most difficult of all questions, effected for Egypt by these foreign barbarians. The impossibilities which are involved here are very palpable."

It is then shown that the names of these so-called Shepherd-Kings, are all paronomastic perversions of real names into opprobrious epithets or nick-names. Three of these names are identified with hieroglyphic names, that have escaped the mutilation and destruction with which the tombs of the kings of this dynasty were visited at a very ancient period: and the Chamber of Karnak is made to bear additional testimony, which cannot be represented here without the hieroglyphic text. Mr. Osburn considers the proof to be complete, that the *Shepherd invasion* was a *slandrous perversion of the conquest of Memphis by the Lower Egyptian Pharaohs*. We must leave the critical decision of the point in other hands. Mr. Osburn has, at the very least, made out a good case.

In leaving these volumes we do not need formally to recommend them,—they abundantly recommend themselves to every student of Egypt's antiquities or of general history. They contain most precious materials. They tend altogether to the confirmation and illustration of the Bible history. They contain vivid pictures of the society, art, and religion of Egypt, in the remotest times, before the Pentateuch was written, or Moses was rescued from the Nile, or Joseph was prime minister of Pharaoh-Aphophis. They are written with great elegance and spirit—indeed, with very remarkable ability. They are, also, most profusely and splendidly illustrated—with maps, with hundreds of cuts of hieroglyphics, and with numerous plates, in lithograph outline, or beautifully printed in full colour.

Cambridge University Transactions during the Puritan Centuries of the 16th and 17th Centuries. Collected by JAMES HEYWOOD, M.P., F.R.S., &c., and THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A., &c., 2 vols. London: H. G. Bohn.

THE name of Mr. Heywood will be ever associated with the useful University reforms that have been recently effected. To his untiring and zealous Parliamentary services, he here adds literary labours in the same cause. The important volumes before us are the fruit of research and diligence to which praise and gratitude are due from every historical student. Mr. Heywood's learned coadjutor, Mr. Wright, is also entitled to the same thanks; and inasmuch as the labours of these fellow-workers are not distinguished from each other, we must give them common commendations, appreciative, respectful, and emphatic.

The body of valuable historical matter contained in these volumes is scarcely such as the newspaper critic can adequately represent. An account of their contents, though it were a mere list of the documents they comprise, would extend beyond the bounds of such a notice as this. And, from their great variety, they are incapable of being represented by the reprint of isolated passages, or of a few selected papers or letters. What is required, is such an embodiment of the materials here furnished, in a general view of Cambridge University during the Puritan period, as a writer in one of the *Quarterlies*, possessing the requisite historical culture, and with plenty of space at command, would be able to produce. As that is impossible here, we must simply attempt to give a notion of the variety and value of these documents, and leave them to be consulted and studied by those of our readers who are interested in the history either of

the Puritan age or of the University in those significant days.

The volumes open with the Statutes drawn up by Dr. Whitgift, and given to the University by the authority of Elizabeth, in 1570. In the letters and public papers that follow, we are enabled to trace the application of these Statutes in various directions; by which the government of the University was concentrated in the hands of the Heads of Houses, and all heretical or obnoxious political doctrine checked and punished. Specially directed, as Whitgift's statutes were, against the rising Puritanism, we have, in the proceedings and controversies which they occasioned, and which here appear in the original documents, much important illustration of the jealousy and bitterness with which those suspected of Puritanism were opposed. The well-known case of Cartwright, who suffered "academical martyrdom" from the new statutory authority, was followed by many others, of greater or less interest and importance, the records of which are also here presented to the reader. The personal character and ecclesiastical aims of the notorious Matthew Parker, receive much light from the study at first hand of the letters written by him to the Queen, Lord Burghley, and the University, which may be found in these pages. The cases of Charke, Aldrich, Francis Johnson, and several others in successive years, persecuted for their confessed Puritanism, or for imputed leanings to the hated party, are all preserved, in numerous official and private papers, in the very forms they took while yet the persecution raged against them; and there is a certain vividness given to them as so presented, which the generalities of later historical writing cannot compare with. Passing by much more such material, we come to the royal mandate by which, in 1613, compulsory subscription to the three articles of the thirty-sixth canon was imposed on all proceeding to graduate. In 1640, the Parliament interfered for the removal of these religious tests; and even Charles II., in 1660, confirmed that measure of justice. But two years afterwards, the Act of Uniformity organized a regular system of tests, and settled finally the practice of the University. The documents relating to these changes are here printed; and extracts given from the Act of Uniformity, so far as it relates to the Universities. Altogether it is a very edifying picture that forms itself before us,—the ancient University of Cambridge, at once disturbed, weakened and degraded by the intolerance of a religious party, which ever and anon implores the aid of the secular power, for the punishment by fine and imprisonment, as well as by the loss of academical status, of those of her own sons who, by their piety and learning, are her very salt in bad and corrupt times.

But the controversies that rise from the dead in these old solemn-voiced papers, are not all so dignified as those we have referred to. The *privileges* of the University are again and again in dispute. Often had the Vice-Chancellor, with offended pride and flooding indignation, to beseech my Lord Burghley, or Chancellors of subsequent days, to interfere for his own honour, and for the protection of the University against the mayor, justices of the peace, constables, or tradespeople of the "Town." The "Gown" was not less arrogant and impudent then, than in recent times—happily now amending—it has shown itself to be. Numerous letters on the subject of actual fights, and frequent lugubrious complaints of injury or insult, here faithfully tell of the contests of those days gone by. In one very undignified letter, there are "charges" against the mayor, in which the University "dons" take up the poor man's "early education," and his having been a "servant," and his having shown "ingratitude to Archbishop Parker,"—in a manner that is amusing enough, in all conscience. "Snobs" are of no late origin, on the evidence of that letter. Then, there are some most sixteenth-century "graces" of the Senate; forbidding the sale or letting of any houses or lands belonging to colleges or members of the University, to any of the "townspeople," without a license from the Vice-Chancellor and masters!—and again, another, declaring that any scholars "siding with the townspeople are, *ipso facto*, to lose their scholastic privileges for ever." Nor were there wanting those irregularities of life and conduct, which, in every age, will break out under the best regulations and severest discipline. The whole mass of depositions and correspondence relating to a case of licentiousness by a scholar, furnishes evidence that there was no looseness as to the maintenance of the morality of the University in those days. Other "proceedings in court" relate to suspected characters, who were as sharply looked after then, as by the Proctors and their "bull-dogs" now-a-days; and it would appear that cases then arose in which the particular right claimed by the University, seriously infringed or endangered the liberty of the subject.

It is utterly impossible to even enumerate the kinds of document that these volumes contain, as to the internal government of the University—the removal of abuses—the vindication of pri-

viliges—and the extension of authority. One general result to which they all point is, the consolidation of rights and powers, legitimate and illegitimate, in the hands of a ruling few within the University. To this, even matters the meanest and most insignificant were made to contribute. To this there was a gradual progress, as it seems to us, through the whole of the Puritan period; and though the commonwealth effected changes and modifications—some of them made rudely and hastily enough,—these only gave force to the reaction, which followed the Restoration, and which reached its height after that "god-send" for a tyrannical Church and encroaching University, the Act of Uniformity. But, we had no intention of being polemical, when we began this notice; and we will here add only one fact, to which (as on all other points we have touched,) these volumes bear witness; namely, that the decision taken by the Heads of Houses, in 1608, that residence in the University after taking the Bachelor's degree should be *optional*, was the means of both converting the educational system into a sham, and of rendering higher degrees really worthless, because they were merely nominal. It is also remarked by the Editors, that—"Ancient religious foundations were by this remarkable 'interpretation,' virtually secularised, and a liberty, unknown to ancient times, was permitted to the junior fellows of colleges, of residence at a distance from the University." To this root may be traced much of the educational feebleness, and many of the glaring abuses, of the University system in modern times.

There are interesting materials for a picture of life and manners in University society, in the 17th century, in several portions of these volumes. The letters of Joseph Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville, —the extracts from the "Life of Oliver Heywood," —and the Diary of Dr. Worthington, Master of Jesus College, ejected in 1660,—nearly cover the century down to the latter date; and bring before us vividly the interior of Cambridge life, under the first Stuarts and in the time of the Commonwealth. Although from a sense of the inadequacy to the illustration of the volumes, of any extracts we might give, we had resolved to make none at all; we can hardly deny our readers a specimen of the "bits" the historian may find here. The following are extracts from Mr. Mead's letters before referred to, here printed from the Harleian Manuscripts.

Jesuits.—"6 July, 1622. There arrived lately at Lynne one with trunks and boxes, whereof he was so nice, that he caused the searcher to see what he had, who found with him a wonderfull rich altar of amber, a yard long, and three qrs. wide, with divers brave and curious saints finely layd in their beds, &c. Fearing the discovery of all, he gott what he could carry with him, and slipped away from them downe the river to Cambridge. But being discovered which way he went, the searcher made after him, at length gott sight of him, and dogd him hither. He housed at Hobsons [*Milton's Hobson*, and author of 'Hobson's Choice'], would have hired a horse for London, but was apprehended and brought before the vice-chancellor on Monday morning, who found with him a wonderfull curious chalice, with a rich cover all amber. In the cover a picture of some young prince, some say the king of France, but others come more neere to us at home. The vice-chancellor having then no leysure, bestowed him till the commencement was past: what they will do with him I know not."

"Toadying" the Spanish Ambassador.—"22nd Feb., 1622. I will tell you a pretty Cambridge accident, as I am enforced. On Ash Wednesday there is a comedie at Trinity Colledg, whereupon the Spanish ambassador, and the ambassador of Braxells, being at court, his majestie sent word that they ment to come both to see the comedie, &c. The name of the comedie is Ignatius Loyola, and, as I guess, the argument according. Hereupon the seniors of Trinity have bin much pushed, and have moved the doctors to write to his majestie how the case standes; and that either the ambassadors must not come, or the comedie must not be acted. — 1 March, 1622. I shall not need tell you how we entertained the ambassadors of Spaine and Braxells; how the vice-chancellor, doctors, regents, hon-regents, met them at Trinity Colledg gate; how most of the colledg was taken up for them; how they had a speech in every colledg they came to see; how our orators fathered the foundation of the University upon the Spanyards out of the old legend of Cantaber, how happie we were not only to see them here, but should be to have the Spanish blood come hither, &c. How, when they walked privately to Kings Chappel in the middle of prayers time, they presently broke off prayers in the middle to entertaine them. Every body thinks not this hansom. How our doctors pledged healths to the infants and the archduchesse, and if any left too big a snuffe, Columbo would cry, *Supercilium, supercilium*. How Columbo the Spanish ambassador, Fernando the Braxells, a lord agent for the archduchesse in ordinary, the King of Spaines privat secretary, and sir Lewis Lewknor, these five took the degree of Masters of Art in our regent house. How they made sute for one Ogden, a priest of their company (and one of St. John's Colledg, and borne in this towne), for the like favour, and were denyed as a thing not in our power, unless he would take the oath, which he would not, &c. And how the sayd Ogden outfaced us all in our owne dunghill, and threatened us all openly that the king should know of it, and such like. Fame will tell you of these things: I need not trouble you."

Accommodation of Pupils in College Chambers.—"For Mr. John [son of Sir Martin Stuteville] I shall take order (if you send money) that his gowne shalbe suitable every way to his condition. But I must desire you to give him a lls. in his purse to pay for his admission, 10s. to the colledg, and the lecturer 12d., that I may keep my promise, that it should never be paid out of hand, for this is all left me to have my will in. For chamber, the best I have in my power, that John Higham sleeps

in, hath 4 studies, and neere me; and I had thought to have devised some change, that they might keep together, otherwise I must dispose of your son in the new building, where I have a study voyd in one of the best chambers. (The new building hath but 2 studies in chambers, and 2 beds.) But a master of art is the chamber fellow; he makes it thereby inconvenient for my use. I have no way but to sett one of my batchelors (March), who keeps in the same building, to keep with the master of art, and let yours have use of his study, though it be not in so good a chamber. For bedding, we shall make a shift perhaps, for a week, till we know better what is needfull. If he sleeps in the new building, he must have a whole bedding, because he lyes alone; if in another chamber, where he hath a bedfellow, they must make a bed between them, and his part wilbe more or lesse, according as his bedfellow is furnished."

An Accident—Age of Undergraduates in 1625.—"On Wednesday, after supper, Sir Thomas Grantham's son and airc, of St. Johns Colledg, some 13 yeares of age, as he was running after a ball without their tennis court, let himself into the river; and crying to a bofe-man coming by, he with his oare raised him, and took him out dead, swolne and black, without any hope to recover life, and some say it was 3 or 4 houres before he came to himself; and yet, God be thanked, is now like to outlive it."

The Plague—Precautions—and Scarcity of Provisions.—"We have this morning some suspicion as though there were one dead of the plague in the towne, who came hither but last night; but I hope it is not true, for we suspect almost everybody that dyes. The University is yet very full of schollers, whereat I much wonder. I desire to be at Durham Munday come sennight, which wilbe soone heere; a week is soon gone. I cannot sooner; I have performed twice, and must againe to morrow sennight; but I think I shall think the time long, and be forced to you for want of victuall. All our market to-day could not supplie us commons for night. I am steward; and am faine to appoint egges, apple-pyes, and custards, for want of other fare. They will suffer nothing to come from Ely. Eeles are absolutely forbidden to be brought to our market, so are rootes. You see what tis to have a physitian among the heads. You cannot have leave scarce to take the airc. We have but one master of art in our colledg, and this week he was punished 10d. for giving the porters boy a box on the eare, because he would not let him out at the gates. You may by this gather I have small solace with being here, and therefore will hast all I can to be in a place of more libertie and societie, for I have never a pupill at home; and yet, God be thanked, our towne is free so much as of the very suspicion of infection."

These are but scraps of a valuable and interesting series of letters. Dr. Worthington's Diary, which exhibits a few University interiors at a later period, under the Commonwealth, contains little that can be directly quoted; but it brings the active life of that time, when masters of colleges preached almost weekly, engaged in scholastic exercises, and had other public occupations, into striking contrast with the existing state of things at both Oxford and Cambridge. Extracts are given in these volumes from "Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy," and from the Journals of Parliament, in further illustration of the period. The larger part of the documents given are printed from the Harleian MSS., the Lansdowne MSS., and other original sources; others of them have previously been published in the *Collection of Letters, Statutes, &c.*, made by the late Dr. Lamb, Master of Corpus Christi College. When it is understood that these volumes contain the great body of the public papers of the University, for the years comprised—the "graces of the Senate," decrees, official correspondence, and the letters of the Chancellors Burghley and Buckingham especially,—it will be felt that it is a perfectly authoritative work. It is of great value to the general, and still more to the ecclesiastical, historian. And it has no few important suggestions for those who would confirm and illustrate historically, the claims now made for an unrestricted use of the Universities by the whole nation.

Jerusalem Revisited. By W. H. BARTLETT, Author of "Walks about Jerusalem," &c. With Illustrations. London: A. Hall, Virtue, and Co.

This book has a melancholy interest. It is the last that we shall receive from the hand of that accomplished artist and pleasing writer, to whom we owe "The Nile Boat," "The Overland Route," "The Pilgrim Fathers," and similar works. For some years past we have looked to the Christmas gift-book season, with delightful anticipation of the annual treat Mr. Bartlett has been accustomed to afford us. The pleasure will return no more. Even while we sadly and musingly turn these pages, and examine these exquisite little sketches, the mortal remains of the artist lie beneath the waters of the Mediterranean. "During the brief interval," says his brother, "which elapsed between the preparation of this work and the usual period of publication, the melancholy tidings have reached England of the sudden and premature decease of the Author." After a few hours' illness, he died on his voyage homeward. In these brief words we pay our sincere tribute of respect and regret to the memory of one so deserving, who instructed us by all he wrote, and gratified the lovers of art by the always beautiful and successful illustrations, which gave the characteristic feature to his works.

When the present volume was projected, it was intended to re-write the author's first production, the "Walks about Jerusalem;" and to incorporate fresh matter and engravings, relating to ob-

jects of sacred or historical interest omitted in that work. Subsequently it was determined to produce a book of a supplementary character—giving entirely new views and descriptions of places either not at all or but slightly noticed formerly. This has been done. Consequently, we have a volume, not so much of the prominent and well-known aspects of the Holy City and its buildings, as, chiefly, of its minor though not less interesting or characteristic features. To those who possess the "Walks," &c., it will be all the more welcome; and those who have it not, will very likely be now induced to obtain it.

Giving our first attention to the Engravings, as they demand, we may briefly but emphatically assure the reader, that they have all the artistic perfectness and beauty for which Mr. Bartlett has been universally reputed. The engravers, too, (accustomed to the rendering of Mr. Bartlett's sketches) have set up a good claim to our gratitude, by the excellence of their labours. The large "Panorama of Jerusalem" is taken from a new point of view, and is more satisfactory than anything we have ever seen, as a complete picture, which unites intelligible detail to effective presentment of the broad general features of the scene. The "English Burial Ground,"—the "View from the Brow of Mount Zion,"—the "Arched Street and Fountain,"—the "Gate of the Hospitaller's Palace,"—the "Pulpit on the Platform of the Haram,"—the "Valley of Jehosaphat,"—and "The Convent of the Cross," are especially deserving of mention as highly meritorious: while others unnamed, if not so attractive, or intrinsically so interesting, have the merit of delineating places hitherto unrepresented pictorially, or nearly so. We must point out the "Peep at the Haram," as a sketch made under remarkable circumstances,—namely, by the aid of a telescopic view of that forbidden ground, which, though the only really delightful spot in Jerusalem, the "Frank" may not pollute with his infidel feet.

The Literature of this volume is partly personal narrative, and partly historical and critical in its nature. The first chapter contains pleasant talk about the journey *From London to Jerusalem*. The second is entitled *Mount Zion and the English Church*, and has some very interesting notices of the social progress and present religious condition of Jerusalem. The subsequent chapters contain, additionally to the incidents and observations of the author's sojourn, some important discussions of the topography of the city and its adjacent places; and specially, of the theories of Dr. Robinson, Mr. Williams, and Mr. Fergusson. A paper by Mr. Samuel Sharpe, on the *Temple of Jerusalem*, is valuable and authoritative, and completes admirably what Mr. Bartlett himself has told us of the present *Haram Enclosure*. The word-pictures of the *Interior of the City, Streets, &c.*, which describe and explain the artist's delineations of some of the more noteworthy bits of the domestic architecture and ancient remains, are worthy of the carefully drawn and brilliantly distinct little pictures with which they are in company. Mr. Bartlett does not pretend to give a full account of the historical and legendary associations of Jerusalem; for these the reader must look in the "Walks," or elsewhere; but he makes us thoroughly acquainted with what the city is to-day, and how it contrasts with what it was when he visited it formerly, now about ten years ago.

The following quotations will prove generally interesting, and will draw many of our readers to the book itself.

JERUSALEM AS IT IS TO-DAY.

"Formerly, the traveller to Jerusalem had no choice but to put up at one of the convents, his servant providing his meals, or to take a lodging in some private house. At this period (1853), there are two inns, the 'Mediterranean' and the 'Maltese,' where good rooms and fare are to be obtained, at an average charge of thirty-five to fifty piastres per day, according to rooms and table, including a supply of table-wine made in the neighbourhood; the best quality of which is really excellent. To insure comfort in a place like Jerusalem, this charge cannot be considered exorbitant. Bottled ale and porter with wines and spirits, may either be had at these houses as extras, or bought at the stores near the Jaffa Gate, and in Patriarch-street. These inns are often crowded in the winter and spring. Travellers desirous of greater privacy, or making a lengthened stay, may obtain decent lodgings without much difficulty,—certainly the most economical plan. Some persons still prefer to put up at the Casa Nuova, or new building erected at the Latin convent for the accommodation of all comers; where the rooms are said to be clean and comfortable. There is no fixed price, but an English traveller is expected to give a rather handsome compliment for the accommodation thus afforded. There he can either have his meals furnished by the convent cook, or prepared by his own servant; and most persons will with reason prefer the latter; and in this way, the expense will be little less than living at one of the hotels. There are one or two persons acting as guides; but like the monks, they are unintelligent retailers of the old traditions, of but little service, and a good map is of far greater use. In perambulating the city and environs, it is far better for the traveller to be accompanied by his servant, both as a protection, and to enable him to make any inquiries; and those who have arms will do well to carry them about in their suburban excursions, as the Arabs, if they see a stranger thus unprotected, are sometimes apt to be troublesome, though a

trifling baksheesh is generally efficacious in disarming their opposition.

"On passing through the deep archway of the Jaffa Gate, and entering the city, we have, upon the left hand, an open space, irregularly terminated by buildings; and, on the right, the fosse and towers of el Kalah, or the Castle of David—the modern citadel. . . . It is on entering the city by this gate, that one is chiefly struck with the progress of modern improvements. In fact, this may be called figuratively no less than literally the 'West-end' of the city. Several new shops greet the eye, in which may be found a great variety of European necessities and comforts. A few new and, for Jerusalem, handsome buildings are erected, and the waste ruinous look of the place is giving way to something a little more modern and habitable. The two prominent objects that meet the eye are the ancient tower at the angle of the citadel, and the recently-finished English church and consulate; nor would it be easy to point out two edifices more strikingly dissimilar in every respect. The stern massive masonry of the former, bearing evident marks of high antiquity, and incrustured with that mellow brown tint produced by time in this climate, forms a strong contrast with the light facade of English gothic, of which, the stone is as yet unstained, and glittering against the deep blue sky. Between the citadel and the church is an open square, very badly paved, bordered with the new banking-house of M. Berghelm, a coffee-house and shops, and generally filled with groups of camels with their Arab conductors. Looking down upon this square is the house occupied by the Bishop, which, though internally comfortable, has nothing either palatial or ecclesiastical in its exterior to recommend it. The citadel, one of the most prominent buildings in the city, is of irregular form and of considerable extent, surrounded by a fosse, across which there is a bridge giving access through a gateway to the open square just mentioned. It is well-built and massive, occupying a bold position, looking down on the village of Hinnom. A few guns are mounted on its ramparts, and it affords a stronghold, sufficient at least to keep in check an irregular army unprovided with heavy artillery. On Sunday morning I repaired to the church on Mount Zion before the commencement of service. This was the first time I had seen the interior, which without any pretensions to architectural beauty or decorative elegance, is neat, plain and sufficiently appropriate, presenting in its chaste simplicity, a striking contrast to the tinsel splendour of the Greek church of the Holy Sepulchre. The congregation was far more numerous than I remembered it some years ago, shortly after the mission was founded; and the edifice, which is not large, was pretty respectably filled. Besides the families of the Bishop, the missionaries and the consul, there were the female heads of the Jewish schools, with their young charge; numerous Jewish proselytes, and some miscellaneous hangers-on to the English interests in Jerusalem. The service was performed as in ordinary parish churches in England. There is a fine-toned organ, over which the consul's lady presides; and the musical part of the service was very admirably conducted.

Whatever may be thought of the principle, in a religious point of view, of this mission, one thing is certain, it has undeniably promoted the cause of European civilization in Jerusalem. Wherever the English establish themselves they never fail to introduce a higher standard of comfort, improved sanitary regulations, and to give a stimulus to industry and agriculture. The neighbouring peasantry find their account in this new shape of things, and are increasingly sensible that their interests are interwoven with those of the Franks. They get not only a better market, but better prices also. But this increase of animal comforts is the lowest result that has followed the settlement of the English. A feeling of rivalry on the part of other sects has led them to emulate the educational measures of the mission, and a general activity has succeeded to the stagnant torpor of ignorance and sloth, that has so long settled over the Eastern churches. The society of the place has been enlarged and improved. The consulates of the principal foreign powers are no longer filled up by Syrians, but by educated and often distinguished natives of the different countries represented, who form an intelligent and refined circle; so that in winter, when the city is visited by numerous travellers, as many as fifty or sixty invitations have been issued for an evening party at the consulate. The Franks in the city are now every way in the ascendant; their numbers and influence are continually on the increase, while in both respects the Turks are as steadily losing ground. It may be mentioned in connexion with the increasing influence of the Christians, that the government of Jerusalem has been changed from that of a simple Arab Mutsellim to a Turkish Pashalic expressly to protect more efficaciously the various Christian interests of Turkish subjects.

"The foregoing facts will serve to show, that while other cities in the Turkish empire are falling to ruin and decay, being depopulated and barbarised, Jerusalem is rapidly springing up into new life. European manners and European wants are bringing in civilization and industry. There are shops where all kinds of European goods find a ready sale for their commodities; carpenters, watchmakers, blacksmiths, glaziers, tinmen, dyers, laundresses, shoemakers, &c., exercise their various callings. There are three flourishing European tailors. The daily markets are supplied abundantly with good mutton; and poultry and eggs are cheap. Many hundred goats are kept for the sole purpose of supplying the city with milk; and of late, cows' milk is to be had. Fruit and vegetables are abundant; and good bread is made by several bakers. New houses spring up on every side. By new houses we mean new fabrics on old foundations; for as yet the waste places are not reclaimed, and one-half of the ancient city is a desolation, while other parts are over-crowded. The Frank quarter is chiefly from Mount Zion and the Jaffa Gate to the Damascus Gate; but, of late years, a good many houses have been taken in the Moslem quarter, between the Damascus and St. Stephen's Gates. It is a remarkable evidence in the decrease of Moslem fanaticism, that single ladies are permitted to live quietly in the heart of the Moslem quarter, without any man-servant or other protector. And even during the present excitement about the war with Russia, no insult has been offered even in the most crowded bazaar to any person; even ladies and children pass to and fro as usual;—and this at a time when the native Christians made no secret of their (very needless) dread of a Moslem rising to massacre themselves. The Moslem population is decreasing in numbers, as well as in fanaticism."

We may now safely commit this volume to our readers' judgment; and with deep regret, we take our final leave of its lamented author.

Tales of Flemish Life. By HENDRIK CONSCIENCE. (Constable's Miscellany of Foreign Literature.) Edinburgh: T. Constable and Co.

THAT which is often extremely disappointing in a volume of contemporary fiction or poetry from a foreign literature, is the absence of national and characteristic features. Whatever may be the human interest of a novel or poem,—whatever the power and passion, or subtlety and refinement, of a delineation of character from *within*—from the tendencies common to all men, or the experiences of life that are repeated evermore in all climes,—we crave in what is borne to us from a foreign land, some manifestation of its origin, some representation of that which is peculiar and special to its birthplace and birthtime. We do not mean to say that we uniformly make this demand, or that we should be able to satisfy ourselves in the lack of a common human interest in such works; but we affirm simply this, that we resort with eagerness to other literatures than our own—the richest and most inexhaustible in the world, after all is said—because we want to see the people to whom that other literature belongs,—to call up their homes, their habits and manners, their outer surroundings, before our minds,—and to enter into the national character, and life, and society, which there, as here with ourselves, reflect all the peculiar natural scenery, and physical conditions, and historical progress of the country itself. And it is the common human nature in its diversity of development and situation, rather than in its oneness of susceptibility and tendency, that we feel to have attractions for our sympathy, and materials for our study; and the book that answers to this instinctive feeling is the really delightful piece of poetry or fiction.

It is just for this reason—one which applies in comparatively few analogous cases of translated light literature—that we are prepared enthusiastically to welcome and praise these Flemish tales. They are "racy of the soil"; they bring us into the every-day world of Flanders; they associate us with Flemings; they satisfy us with scenes and sensations that have novelty and freshness to us, and that leave us with really enlarged knowledge, in addition to our having been well entertained and amused. Hendrik Conscience is a man of genius—has the soul of a true poet, though he does not write in the recognised forms of poetry. His fine instincts, his exquisite sensibility, his deep perception of character, are evidenced by these tales; and the union of these qualities with high creative power, has given to each of the stories the thrill and warmth of life, and the distinctness of a true individuality. He himself speaks modestly enough of them; yet with consciousness of their having some worth corresponding to his pure intent in writing them. He says they were written in the country, when seeking health and relief from mental pain. He offers them as "modest wreaths, dreamily woven, of heath and cornflower." He has reflected in them the "little narrow world" of a Flemish village,—"with its unconcealed weaknesses and passions"; he has sought "to read into the heart of man, and to follow his instincts laid bare in their workings"; he has revelled in the "simple country life which uncorrupted nature painted with so fresh a colouring." We must quote verbatim a few of the words he speaks "to his friends":—

"Some among you, honoured readers, may not be pleased with these quiet, peaceful tales. Simple as the soil from which they grew, they are diametrically opposed to the reigning fashion; they are no medley of blood, thieves' slang, dishonour, connubial infidelity, barefaced debauchery, mocking unbelief, or destructive and morbid despondency; they do not make the reader anxious about his own virtue, or the future of humanity. No, no; the demon of Despair and Hate finds here no place. Nature in her unspotted freshness has woven these tales out of humble material, here and there lighted up by the pure pearl of a human heart. To enjoy them, one must still have some poetry in one's soul; for they are addressed only to the finest chords of the heart, the tender sources of life-enjoyment—love to God and our fellow-man, which, alas! too soon grow weak, and wear out by contact with grasping selfishness."

This is well,—and well said. And Hendrik Conscience has a right to say it; for his *Tales* answer to this description; in their exquisite simplicity, and purity, and deep truth to nature and the upright soul. And we feel unwonted pleasure in thus commending this beautiful volume of fine fiction,—which (though produced in a series remarkable for its cheapness as much as for its elegance,) will not easily find a rival in merit and interest, among the lighter books prepared for the delectation of Christmas readers. No brief extract can do justice to either of these stories; but we cannot leave them without exhibiting their character and manner by a single passage. Let us have the pleasure of introducing (would that we could give you, reader, his whole story, and that of his sweet innocent daughter Lisa.)—

MINE HOST GANSENDONCK.

"Baas Gansendonck was a peculiar man. Although

sprang from the humblest villagers, he had early fancied that he was made of quite other stuff than the rest of peasants; that he alone knew more than a whole host of learned men; that the affairs of the community had fallen into confusion, and were fast retrograding merely because he was not burgomaster; and many other things of this kind. And yet the poor man could neither read nor write, and had forgotten nothing because he had nothing to forget. But he had plenty of money. In this respect at least he was like many people of distinction, whose intellect lies in a chest at the back of the castle, or whose wisdom is lent out at five per cent, and, with the interest, comes fresh into their heads every year. The inhabitants of the village, feeling themselves daily insulted by this ridiculous fancy on the part of mine host, had gradually required a deep hatred of him, and nicknamed him "Swaggering Jack." The landlord of the St. Sebastian was a widower and had only one child, a daughter of eighteen or nineteen. She was a slender and pale-faced girl; but with a countenance so tender and refined, and a nature so lovely and sweet, that she attracted the eyes of many a young man. Her father, in his folly, considered her far too good, too refined and too beautiful to marry a peasant's son. He had sent her for some years to an educational institution to learn French and fine manners, as became her high destiny. Happily Lisa, or Lieschen, as the peasants called her, returned as simple as she went. The seeds of vanity and levity, it is true, had been sown in her mind, though happily in small measure; but the natural purity of her heart did not permit the dangerous seed to take root and grow up, while her maiden innocence gave a charm even to the indications which occasionally appeared of the training she had received, and indeed made everything in her loveable. As usual she had received only a half education: she understood French pretty well, but spoke it very imperfectly. On the other hand, she could embroider very prettily, make beautiful slippers and cushions, knit with beads, cut out flowers in paper, say a very charming good day, curtsy and bow, dance very artistically, and had many other fancy accomplishments, which suited her father's peasant home as well as, according to the proverb, a lace collar does a cow's neck. From childhood it had been understood that Lisa was to marry Charles the brewer's son, one of the finest-looking young men far and wide. For a villager he was wealthy and well educated, for he had attended the gymnasium Hoogstraten for some years. Study meanwhile, had little altered him, he loved as much as ever the unrestrained freedom of country life, was as merry as a bird; drank and sang with everybody, but always in moderation and with propriety; was full of genial life, and conducted himself towards his acquaintance like a right steady friend and comrade. On account of the early death of his father, he had left the gymnasium to help his mother in conducting the brewery; and the old woman thanked God daily that He had given her so good a son to comfort her; for a more industrious and regular young man could nowhere be found. Only in Lisa's presence did Charles lose his customary ease, and sink into vague poetic dreams. When sitting by the beloved girl he became little better than a child, found pleasure in the most insignificant of her occupations, and adapted himself to her smallest wishes with a kind of religious obedience; she was so tender, so weak, so beautiful,—and his bride. He the vigorous and manly youth, treated this gentle being with such jealous attention and anxious care, that one might have thought that he had been intrusted with the life of a fading flower. For five or six months, Host Gansendonck had offered no objections to his daughter becoming Charles's wife. His pride, to be sure, was not satisfied with it, still, a rich brewer's son was no peasant at any rate he thought. Besides, he did not wish to break his long-given promise, and accordingly agreed that preparations should be made for the approaching nuptials. Everything was going well with the young people, when our host's unmarried brother died of a fever and left a fine property behind him, which soon after became added, in the shape of hard cash, to other money-sacks in the strong room of the St. Sebastian. Poor Gansendonck shared the belief of many people, that the intellect, the worth and excellence of a man, is to be measured by his wealth; and although he knew no English, he had yet stumbled on the elevated and peculiar English notion implied in the question, "How many pounds sterling is he worth?" The reply is irresistible in the words of the old Flemish rhyme—

'In dumb gold
What virtue lies!
Makes young the old,
The crooked straight,
And blockhead wise.'

It stands to reason, then, that with such a notion of life, his pride, or I should rather say his insanity, was likely to increase with his wealth. He now considered himself as good at least as the baron of the village, for he imagined that he was worth quite as many pounds as the noble proprietor. From this day forward our host's brains became more disordered than ever, and he considered himself the first man in the country. He often dreamt all night that he was of a noble race, and even by day, flattering thoughts passed through his head perpetually. In order to bring his fancied excellence to a sober test, he laboured at times to bring out the precise difference between himself and a nobleman, but could never find any. He was conscious, to be sure, that he was too old to learn French, or alter his way of life entirely and enter into higher circles of society; at the same time if he could not do that, he was determined that his daughter, at least, should look higher, and marry the first baron who came in her way. What a charming prospect for Peer Gansendonck! Before he died he should have the pleasure of hearing his daughter addressed as my Lady Baroness! Nay, he himself would actually be the grandfather of the little barons! On this account Charles the brewer's attachment to Lisa began to give him serious uneasiness, and indeed he looked upon the fine young fellow as standing in the way of his daughter's prospects. Already, in Lisa's presence, he had more than once uttered words of deprecation about Charles, and on one occasion said things which hurt the poor child's feelings so much, that for the first time in her life she boldly contradicted him, and then, for full two hours, shed bitter tears. After this he gave up all direct opposition to the brewer's love, but determined to postpone the marriage till Lisa should of her own accord open her eyes, and see that Charles was only a coarse peasant like the rest.

Poor Baas Gansendonck! His ambition failed;

and he became wise only when he had sacrificed both Lisa and Charles. Although Jokai's *Hungarian Sketches* are characteristic and beautiful,—and though Hettner's *Athens* is scholarly, tasteful, thoughtful, and delightful—we do not hesitate to say that Hendrik Conscience's *Tales* will be the most popular volume of Messrs. Constable's *Foreign Miscellany*, so far as it has yet gone. And they will be deservedly so. No one can read them without catching something of their deep human feeling, and purity, and elevation of spirit.

The Geography of Herodotus, Developed, Explained, and Illustrated from Modern Researches and Discoveries. By J. TALBOYS WHEELER, F.R.G.S. With Maps and Plans. London: Longman and Co.

THIS work is most accurately described on its title-page. It is not merely an arrangement of the scattered geographical notices found in Herodotus; nor simply an attempt to represent the ancient world by maps and descriptions as Herodotus conceived it to exist. It is founded on a complete and careful collection and systematic digest of all the geographical information contained in the "father of history," whether in the form of direct description, digression, interjected remark, or mere allusion. This Herodotean system of geography underlies, rather than appears prominently in, the structure of the whole work. The first constructive step has been to introduce such general surveys and descriptions of each country, as may serve as prefaces to the accounts of the historian. Then the matter derived directly from Herodotus is brought forward; not uniformly in the shape of quotation, but more generally in simple statements of his facts, or of the results of a comparison of his different notices; yet always indicating the specific sources in Herodotus himself, or the authorities that have been consulted. Finally, the discoveries of later times are resorted to; and descriptions and illustrations are drawn from modern geography, for the identification of localities, the correction of errors, and the reconciliation of contradictions.

A work having such a comprehensive plan is much more than a simply geographical one: it takes in something of the history of peoples, delineates their condition and manners, and illustrates their culture and religion, at the given period to which it relates. It is, in short, a picture of the ancient world, as it was in the time of Herodotus, exhibited in the light of modern scholarship and research.

Such a work is a novelty. What has hitherto been done, has been confined to the representation of the conceptions of Herodotus, and a discussion of particular difficulties. Strictly speaking, Mr. Wheeler has had no predecessors;—the commentators on Herodotus being less so than the geographers and historians whose researches have been here brought to bear, with so much diligence and ability, on the reproduction of the world of Herodotus. Perhaps, however, it is not to the pure scholar that Mr. Wheeler's labours will principally commend themselves; but to those general students of history who, whether they have a special interest in the writings of Herodotus or not, will be deeply grateful for such a vivid and minute description of the mysterious land of Egypt, the great empires of Persia and Babylon, and the as yet unformed features and undeveloped powers of the classical nations, as they appeared "in the days of Daniel, Ezra, and Nehemiah."

Mr. Wheeler is an old student of Herodotus, and the author of an "Analysis and Summary" of his history, which has been well received by students. That he has felt the character of his author, and understood the peculiar worth and charms of his writings, is evident from the following spirited passage:—

"In truth Herodotus was more of a historian than a geographer. His world was not a mere chart of coast-lines and land-marks, but a vast picture crowded with living men. Hellas, her countless cities, and her thousand isles. Young Athens with her restless fleets; haughty Sparta with her soldier citizens; luxurious Corinth with her crowded marts; fair Ionia with her blue skies and impassioned bards. Long processions to national temples. Young men with gleaming arms; noble maidens laden with flowers; rich sacrifices, pious hymns, and choral dances. Immense gatherings to national festivals. Horse and chariot races; contests of poets, musicians, and athletes; olive crowns, and Pindaric songs. The holy mysteries of the venerable Eleusinia; the extravagant orgies of the boisterous and drunken Dionysia. The spacious theatre open to the sky. The stately tragedy, and the satirical comedy; the trained chorus, and the crowded audience. These were the mere centre of his world. Far away to the beaming sunrise he saw the vast empire of the Great King, a hundred nations swayed by a single sceptre. Shusan, the throne of Xerxes and Ahasuerus. Nineveh, with her winged bulls, her painted palaces, and her sculptured halls. Babylon, with her lofty towers, her stupendous walls, her gorgeous temples, and her brazen gates. Regions of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Far away to the setting sun he could see in his mind's eye the fabled Pillars of Hercules, the exhaustless riches of Tartessus, the mysterious Gades, and the dim Cassiterides. Behind him were the Thracians of the wild Balkan, with their tattooed bodies and bloody suttees. The nomadic Scythians of the Russian steppes, maddened with strong wine or intoxi-

cating smoke; drinking from human skulls, scalping captives, or sacrificing living men to remorseless deities. Still farther on to the distant interior, merchant caravans reached the verge of the homes of griffins, but returned laden with barbaric gold. Before him, to the hot south, the ancient valley of the Nile stretched on like a panorama. The land of hoary Egypt, and the shadowy realms of Aethiopia and Meroe. Massy pyramids and colossal temples; antique writings and splendid festivals; adoration of animals, and profound mysteries touching death and the soul, and the under-world; solemn prayers to everlasting and unapproachable deities. Haughty priests, contemptuous as princes, but covetous of gold and offerings. A people strange and mysterious as the gloom of midnight, yet loving wine and feasting, wild mirth and lawless jesting. The black Aethiopians of the burning zone; the fountain of the sun and the crystal sepulchres. From thence he caught faint glimpses of mighty Atlas and bright Hesperides, of fair Cyrene and jealous Carthage, of desert hordes and verdant oases. Such are a few of the scenes which that bold artist must depict, who seeks to represent the ancient world, ad mætem Herodoti."

Mr. Wheeler's work falls naturally into three great divisions,—those of the continents, Europe, Asia, and Africa. Of each of these he gives first a "general survey"; which, in each case, is deserving of mention for the clearness and concentration with which a crowd of facts is conveyed to the reader. Then follow the countries severally, in their true geographical relations; and the information is such, in kind and arrangement, as we have already intimated at the commencement of this notice. It would appear that the author has brought all his strength to the chapters on Persia, Aegypt, and Libya. Not that there has been any sparing of it elsewhere—on the contrary, there is not a slovenly or unstudied page in the book,—but with these great subjects he seems to have been roused to his very best and highest efforts. Of the immense labour bestowed on their preparation,—in researches the most minute and extensive, in reading that must have been almost endless, and in thoughtful and original combinations of the matter so obtained,—there is abundant proof in every section of these chapters. The account of Aegypt is the best, on the whole, we have ever seen; completer and more intelligible than previous accounts known to us, uniting most of their excellencies and avoiding their defects. The Mythology of Aegypt is a subject full of difficulty; capable of any treatment at all only after heavy and wearisome toil. Mr. Wheeler has not shunned it; and has brought to it both learning and ingenuity. His results are deeply interesting and valuable: but we must candidly say, full of all uncertainty, and often unsatisfactory; as in the very nature of the subject, at present seems inevitable.

The chapter on Scythia has especially drawn our attention, as one in which Mr. Wheeler adds to the other qualities that pervade the rest of the book—and this chapter not less than any—that of controversial criticism. It is with a man so eminent as Niebuhr that he contends; and we think successfully. The Scythia of Herodotus corresponds with that part of Europe on which all eyes are now fixed; and it will be of present interest, as well as very fairly illustrative of Mr. Wheeler's work, to give the following extract:—

"Our author's description of Scythia is full of difficulty. His meaning is so doubtful that it cannot be developed without a critical examination of almost every statement; and even when this progress is attained, it will be found next to impossible to reconcile his accounts with the real geography of the country.—The Scythia of Herodotus lay on the northern coast of the Black Sea, or Pontus Euxinus, between the mouth of the Danube (or Ister) and the Don (or Tanais), and it stretched about 500 miles into the interior. It thus included the steppes of southern Russia, and it also extended westward to the river Aluta and Carpathian mountains. Accordingly, Scythia Proper answers on modern maps to the country of the Ukraine, the Nogais, the Don Cossacks, and the Tartars of the Crimea, together with the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, as far as the Aluta. The peninsula of Crimea, which is the Taurica of Herodotus, projects south and east between the Black Sea and Sea of Azoff, and presents considerable variety of surface. The northern part, comprising three-fourths of its extent, consists of an arid plain or steppe, occasionally diversified with hollows. A mountainous tract covered with rich pastures, and in some places enclosing delicious valleys, extends along the southern coast. [Mr. Wheeler, in this place, gives a full development of Herodotus's description of the form and measurement of Scythia; examines the extent of his personal knowledge; step by step arrives at an explanation of his views of the route along the coast, and the route into the interior; and shows what conception tests his assertion that Scythia is 'four-sided.' Then follow the particulars of its geography, and of the distribution of its ancient nations; and a sketch of its history.] That Scythia was really anciently occupied by the Cimmerians is proved by the many names of places which were still preserved in the time of Herodotus. There was a district named Cimmeria, and a Cimmerian Bosphorus, also a Cimmerian Fort and a Cimmerian Ferry. The Cimmerian Ferry was probably the name of the place where the Bosphorus might be crossed, and was situated at the narrowest part. The district called Cimmeria may therefore be placed where Bobrik fixes it, namely, to the south of the Scythian Nomades. Some have declared that the Massagetae, like the Sacae, belonged to the Scythian race. The Sacae were indeed Amyrgian Scythians, but received their other name of Sacae, because the Persians applied it to Scythians generally. The climate of Scythia is thus described by Herodotus. All the country was subject to such a severe winter, that during eight months of the year the cold was intolerable; and if at this period a person poured water on the ground, it would not make mud, but would freeze;

whereas, if he lit a fire mud would at once be made. Even the sea froze, and the whole Cimmerian Bosphorus; and the Scythians who dwelt within the slave-trench, led their armies and drove their waggons over the ice to attack the Sindians on the other side, i.e., the country south of the river Kuban. At the Western extremity of Circassia. The remaining four months were also very cold. The Scythian winter, however, differed in character from the winter of all other countries. No rain worth mentioning fell there in the usual season, whilst during the summer it never ceased. There were no thunderstorms in the winter, but in the summer they were violent; and an earthquake there, whether in summer or in winter, was accounted a prodigy. The Scythian horses endured this cold, while the asses and mules could not hold out; and yet elsewhere horses that were exposed became frost-bitten and wasted away, whilst the asses and mules were able to withstand the cold. Herodotus thought that it was this cold which prevented any horses from growing on the Scythian cattle, and he quotes the following line from the Odyssey of Homer in proof of his opinion:—

'And Libya, where the lambs soon shoot their horns.'

And here he says Homer is quite correct, in saying that the horns of cattle shoot out very quickly in hot climates; but in these very cold countries the cattle do not produce horns at all, or else very slowly.

As to the Hyperboreans, or 'people beyond the north wind,' neither the Scythians said anything, nor any other people of those parts, excepting, perhaps, the Iasadones; though Herodotus does not think that even they said anything, or otherwise the Scythians would have repeated the relation, as they did the story of the one-eyed people. Herodotus, however, mentions the Hyperboreans, as well as Homer in the Epigoni, if indeed Homer composed that poem. But if there were Hyperboreans, or 'people beyond the north wind,' Herodotus thinks that there must also have been Hyperboreans, or 'people beyond the south wind.' Scythia itself possessed nothing remarkable beyond the great rivers, excepting the footprint of Heracles, two cubits long, in a rock near the river Igras, and the pillars of Scosotris. Concerning the natural productions of Scythia we gather the following particulars. The grass was more productive of bile than that of any other country; and this might be easily proved by opening the stomachs of the cattle. The hemp was like linseed, but surpassed it in thickness and height, and the Thracians made garments from it which could scarcely be distinguished from those manufactured from flax. It grew wild and was also cultivated, and was used by the Scythians both for sweating baths and for smearing over the body. Mention is also made of wheat, onions, garlic, lentils, and millet. Grapes were found during the summer, but migrated to Aethiopia for winter quarters. Swine were never used, or suffered to be reared. [The Scythians purified themselves after the following manner.] Having first washed and thoroughly cleansed their heads, they made a tent by stretching thick woollen cloths over three stakes fixed in the ground, and inclining towards each other. They then threw red-hot stones into a vessel placed underneath this tent, and creeping under the woollen covering, which was kept very tight and close, they placed some hemp seed on the hot stones. A smoke and steam now arose which no Greek vapour-bath could surpass; and the Scythians, intoxicated with the vapour, soon began to shout aloud; and this served them in the place of washing, as they never bathed their bodies in water. The women, on the other hand, used to pound pieces of cypress, cedar, and frankincense against a rough stone, and smear this paste over their faces and bodies, and this not only gave their skin a pleasant odour, but when taken off the next day left them clean and shining. The Scythians most studiously avoided all foreign customs, and especially those of Hellas, and both Anacharsis and Seylae lost their lives in endeavouring to introduce Hellenic usages.

The Scythian nomades used to take unmixed wine and drink hard. The Spartans said that their king Cleomenes learnt this habit from the Scythians, and became insane; hence it was usual in Lacedaemon, when they wished for stronger drink, to say, 'Pour out like a Scythian.' The people resembled the Egyptians, inasmuch as they held those citizens in the least respect who carried on trade or handicraft. The Tauri who inhabited the site of Taurica (Crimea) practised the following customs. They sacrificed to the virgin Iphigenia, the daughter of Agamemnon, all who suffered shipwreck on their coasts, not excepting the Hellenes. When these people had subdued any of their enemies, each one cut off a head and stuck it upon a long pole, and placed it above his house, usually above the chimney; and these heads they said were to be the guardians of their whole household. The Tauric nation lived by war and pillage.

After even this brief extract, we need scarcely add, that Mr. Wheeler writes in a style remarkable for ease, vigour, and clearness—often for picturesqueness. His work is accompanied by side notes, which greatly assist the reader; and has a most elaborate table of contents and full index. It is illustrated by maps of the "Ancient World," and "Greece, Macedonia, and Thrace," which are admirably constructed and well engraved;—also by excellent Plans of the Battles of Plataea, Thermopylae, and Salamis,—and by "maps-diagrams" of a very ingenious and useful kind. We could willingly dwell on its merits, but it must suffice once more strongly to commend it.

Miscellanies. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Edinburgh: James Hogg.

HISTORY, criticism, economic science, polemics, and poetic description, all are to be found in this volume of *Miscellanies*—which forms the fourth of the series of Mr. De Quincey's collected works. Having, in notices of those that have gone before, spoken of the character of the author's genius, and dwelt on his great and original merits as a prose-writer, we have little to do with this volume, but to describe its contents, and make extracts—always, we are persuaded, in Mr. De Quincey's case, esteemed by our readers as one of the best gratifications we can furnish them.

We do not think the book before us so excellent as its predecessors; at least, it is less pleasing to us. Not that the various papers have less of the deep perception, subtle thought, rare knowledge, or incomparably rich and vivid descriptive writing, which belonged to the *Autobiographic Sketches*, to the *Spanish Nun*, to the *Joan of Arc*, or to the *Cannibals of Roman Meals*; but several of the subjects on which these fine qualities are exercised, are themselves unpleasant, and are incapable of being invested with a high and permanent interest. For instance, there is an essay on *War*, which is revolting to Christian feeling in the very principle it lays down:—that War is not only justifiable or good, as opposed to something worse, but is a positive good; not relative merely, or negative, but positive. And this is made still more objectionable to us by the introductory remarks; in which an attack is made on "Peace Societies," as tending, "if their power kept pace with their guilty purposes, to work degradation for man by drawing upon his most effeminate and luxurious cravings for ease." Wordsworth's line is adopted by De Quincey, "most heartily and with profoundest sympathy"—"Carnage is God's daughter." Another paper is on *Murder*, considered as one of the Fine Arts. To this, we will raise no objection on the score of propriety. A man may indulge such extravagance and gaiety without reproach even from the "saturnine and gloomy," when he can show, as Mr. De Quincey does, that there is an inevitable tendency to such a view of the horrible itself as he here represents. It is true, as he maintains, that in the case of fire, crime, or murder, when we have bestowed our pity and sympathy on the sufferers, and have spent our moral indignation on the criminal, we begin to take an indifferent view of the facts, as to the imposingness of the circumstances, the daring and skill, the surprise and the mystery, belonging to one deed or event of horror as compared with another. And then, Mr. De Quincey has written of murder, aesthetically considered, with an irony so fine, that any one who can feel and enjoy such irony at all, will be in no mood to complain of the subject. We do, however, object to the paper on the score of taste,—and as having so much more than "grazed the brink of the horrible," that it is incapable of merely amusing and pleasing by its extravagance, while it is destitute of any moral purpose which might render it otherwise defensible. But the Appendix to this murder lecture is simply morbid and disgusting. True, Mr. De Quincey, in his story of three of the most celebrated murders of modern times, has used his highest powers of description;—to its perfect vividness and reality nothing is wanting. But would a painter, a true artist, who respected himself and loved his art, have put such a scene on canvass? And Mr. De Quincey dishonours himself when, not to present a psychological problem, or to point a moral, but simply to indulge his own power of depicting the terrible, he lingers, and lingers, and lingers, evidently with morbid pleasure, among the details of demonic cruelty and the ghastly horrors of bloody deaths. But we "have done with fault-finding."

A historical sketch, written with great power, entitled *The Revolt of the Tartars*, narrates one of those episodes of history which frequently escape the attention of general readers. Truly does Mr. De Quincey call that flight of the Kalmuck Khan and his people from the Russian territories, across the steppes of Asia to the frontiers of China, at the close of the last century, "a great event;"—it has a dramatic interest the truest and intensest; and it is placed before us in this sketch, in all the variety of its general and personal details, its darings and disasters and sufferings, in a manner the most striking and wonderful. Then there are *Dialogues of Three Templars on Political Economy*, which discuss clearly and admirably the main principles of Ricardo; and which open up a new vein of the author's rich mine of knowledge. It is generally admitted that Mr. De Quincey's name will always be respectfully mentioned by economists, in connection with the question of Value. But the noblest paper in the book is one, in the writer's own peculiar and unapproached walk of "impassioned prose," called *The English Mail-Coach*; consisting of three parts, which are thus explained in an introductory notice.

"Thirty-seven years ago, or rather more, accident made me, in the dead of night, and of a night memorably solemn, the solitary witness to an appalling scene, which threatened instant death in a shape the most terrific, to two young people, whom I had no means of assisting, except in so far as I was able to give them a most hurried warning of their danger; but even that not until they stood within the very shadow of the catastrophe, being divided from the most frightful of deaths by scarcely more, if more at all, than seventy seconds. Such was the scene from which the whole paper radiates as a natural expansion. This scene is circumstantially narrated in section the second, entitled, 'The Vision of Sudden Death.' But a movement of horror, and of spontaneous recoil from this dreadful scene, naturally carried the whole of that scene, raised and idealised, into my dreams, and very soon into a rolling succession of dreams. The actual scene as looked down upon from the box of the mail, was transformed into a dream, as tumultuous and changing as a musical fugue. This troubled dream is re-

ported circumstantially in Section the Third, entitled, 'Dream-Fugue upon the theme of Sudden Death.' All the elements of the scene blended, under the law of association, with the previous and permanent features of distinction investing the mail itself; which features at that time lay—1st, in velocity unprecedented; 2ndly, in the power and beauty of the horses; 3rdly, in the official connection with the government of a great nation; and 4thly, in the function, almost a consecrated function, of publishing and diffusing through the land great political events, and especially the great battles during a conflict of unparalleled grandeur. These honorary distinctions are all described circumstantially in the First or introductory Section, 'The Glory of Motion.'

We shall now proceed to an extract from—

THE GLORY OF MOTION.

"The modern modes of travelling cannot compare with the old mail-coach system in grandeur and power. They boast of more velocity, not, however, as a consciousness, but as a fact of our lifeless knowledge resting upon alien evidence; as for instance, because somebody says that we have gone fifty miles in the hour, though we are far from feeling it as a personal experience, or upon the evidence of a result, as that actually we find ourselves in York four hours after leaving London. Apart from such an assertion, or such a result, I myself am little aware of the pace. But seated on the old mail coach, we needed no evidence out of ourselves to indicate the velocity. On this system the word was *non magna loquimur*, as upon railways, but *vivimus*. Yes, "*magna vivimus*;" we do not make verbal ostentation of our grandeur, we realise our grandeur in act, in the very experience of life. The vital experience of the glad animal sensibilities made doubts impossible on the question of our speed; we heard our speed, we saw it, we felt it as a thrilling; and this speed was not the product of blind insensate agencies, that had no sympathy to give, but was incarnated in the fiery eyeballs of the noblest amongst brutes, in his dilated nostril, spasmodic muscles, and thunder-beating hoofs. The sensibility of the horse, uttering itself in the maniac light of his eye, might be the last vibration of such a movement, the glory of Salamanca might be the first. But the intervening links that connected them, that spread the earthquake of battle into the eyeballs of the horse, was the heart of man and its electric thrillings—kindling in the rapture of the fiery strife, and then propagating its own tumults by contagion, shouts and gestures, to the heart of his servant the horse. But now on the new system of travelling, iron tubes and boilers have disconnected man's heart from the ministers of his locomotion. Nile nor Trafalgar has power to raise an extra bubble in a steam-kettle. The galvanic cycle is broken up for ever. Man's imperial nature no longer sends itself forward through the electric sensibility of the horse; the inter-agencies are gone in the mode of communication between the horse and his master, out of which grew so many aspects of sublimity under accidents of mists that hid, or sudden blazes that revealed, of mobs that agitated, or midnight solitudes that awed. Tidings fitted to convulse all nations must henceforward travel by culinary process, and the trumpet that once announced from afar the laurelled mail, heart-shaking, when heard screaming on the wind and proclaiming itself through the darkness to every village or solitary house on its route, has now given way for ever to the pot-walloppings of the boiler. Thus have perished multifarious openings for public expressions of interest, scornful yet natural, in great national tidings; for revelations of faces and groups that could not offer themselves amongst the fluctuating mobs of a railway-station. The gatherings of gazers about a laurelled mail had one centre, and acknowledged one sole interest. But the crowd attending at a railway-station have as little unity as running water, and own as many centres as there are separate carriages in the train."

The following passage consists of what we may name the first three movements of the—

DREAM FUGUE.

"So it is summer—almighty summer! The everlasting gates of life and summer are thrown open wide; and on the ocean, tranquil and verdant as a savannah, the unknown lady from the dreadful vision and I myself are floating—she upon a fairy pinnacle, and I upon an English three-decker. Both of us are wooing gales of festive happiness within the domain of our common country, within that ancient watery park, within that pathless chase of ocean, where England takes her pleasure as a huntress through winter and summer, from the rising to the setting sun. Ah, what a wilderness of floral beauty was hidden, or was suddenly revealed, upon the tropic island through which the pinnacle moved! And upon her deck what a bevy of human flowers—young women how lovely, young men how noble, that were dancing together, and slowly drifting towards us amidst music and incense, amidst blossoms from forests and gorgeous corymbi from vintages, amidst natural carolling and the echoes of sweet girlish laughter. Slowly the pinnacle nears us, gaily she hails us, and silently she disappears beneath the shadow of our mighty bows. But then as at some signal from heaven, the music, and the carols, and the sweet echoing of girlish laughter—all are hushed. What evil has smitten the pinnacle, meeting or overtaking her? Did ruin to our friends couch within our own dreadful shadow? Was our shadow the shadow of death? I looked over the bow for an answer, and behold! the pinnacle was dismantled; the revel and the revellers were found no more; the glory of the vintage was dust; and the forests with their beauty were left without a witness upon the sea. 'But where,' and I turned to our crew—'where are the lovely women that danced beneath the awning of flowers and clustering corymbi? Whether have fled the noble young men that danced with them?' Answer there was none. But suddenly the man at the mast-head, whose countenance darkened with alarm, cried out, 'Sail on the weather beam! Down she comes upon us; in seventy seconds she also will founder.'"

"I looked to the weather side, and the summer had departed. The sea was rocking, and shaken with gathering wrath. Upon its surface sat mighty mists, which grouped themselves into arches and long cathedral aisles. Down one of these, with the fiery pace of a quarrel from a cross-bow, ran a frigate right athwart our course. 'Are they mad?' some voice exclaimed from our deck, 'Do they woo their ruin?' But in a moment, as she was close upon us, some impulse of a heady current or local rock gave a wheeling bias to her course, and off she forged without a shock. As she ran past us high aloft amongst the shrouds stood the lady of the pinnacle. The deep opened a-head

in malice to receive her, towering surges of foam ran after her, the billows were fierce to catch her. But far away she was borne into desert spaces of the sea; whilst still by sight I followed her, as she ran before the howling gale, chased by angry sea-birds and by maddening billows; still I saw her, as at the moment when she ran past us, standing amongst the shrouds, with her white draperies streaming before the wind. There she stood, with hair dishevelled, hand clutched amongst the tacking, rising, sinking, fluttering, trembling, praying—there for leagues I saw her as she stood, raising at intervals one hand to heaven, amidst the fiery crests of the pursuing waves and the raving of the storm; until at last, upon a sound from afar of malicious laughter and mockery, all was hidden for ever in driving showers; and afterwards, but when I know not, nor how,—

III.

"Sweet funeral bells from some incalculable distance, wailing over the dead that die before the dawn, awakened me as I slept in a boat moored to some familiar shore. The morning twilight even then was breaking; and, by the dusky revelations which spread, I saw a girl adorned with a garland of white roses about her head for some great festival, running along the solitary strand in extremity of haste. Her running was that of panic; and often she looked back as to some dreadful enemy in the rear. But when I leaped ashore, and followed on her steps to warn her of a peril in front, alas! from me she fled as from another peril, and vainly I shouted to her of quicksands that lay ahead. Faster and faster she ran; round a promontory of rocks she wheeled out of sight; in an instant I also wheeled round, but only to see the treacherous sands gathering above her head.

Already her person was buried; only the fair young head and the diadem of white roses around it were still visible to the pitying heavens; and, last of all, was visible one white marble arm. I saw by the early twilight this fair young head, as it was sinking down to darkness—saw this marble arm as it rose above her head and her treacherous grave, tossing, faltering, rising, clutching as at some false deceiving hand stretched out from the clouds—saw this marble arm uttering her dying hope, and then uttering her dying despair. The head, the diadem, the arm—these all had sunk; at last over these also the cruel quicksands had closed; and no memorial of the fair young girl remained on earth, except my own solitary tears, and the funeral bells from the desert seas, that rising again more softly, sang a requiem over the grave of the buried child, and over her blighted dawn."

RECENT POETRY.

The Dream of Pythagoras, and other Poems: by EMMA TATHAM. (London: Binn and Godwin.)—A little volume of sweet and graceful verse, such as this, though it presents few points to criticism, claims a cordial recognition and a word of hearty praise. It is not for high qualities so much as thoroughly genuine ones, that it deserves welcome. Its thought is not great, but clear and true. Its imagination is not strong or far-reaching, but bright and glowing. Its fancies, metaphors, and ideal combinations, are far from novel or various; but old materials are employed with that perfect freshness of feeling, and with that individuality of intention, which can make them new and striking. The merits that give their charm to these poems are,—that their thoughts are worthy in themselves and distinctly conceived; that their imagery is beautifully appropriate and expressive; that their sentiment is full of tenderness, geniality, and piety; that their versification gushes with melodious sweetness; and that they have the air of perfect naturalness and sincerity. *The Dream of Pythagoras* is founded on the notion attributed to the philosopher, that "the soul was once united to a luminous, heavenly, ethereal body, which served it as a vehicle to fly through the air, rise to the stars, and wander over all the regions of immensity." Pythagoras is supposed to relate to his disciples a dream, in which he "beheld the first beginning and after-changes" of his soul.

"O joy!

She is of no mean origin, but sprang
From loftier source than stars or sunbeams know.
Yea, like a small and feeble rill that bursts
From everlasting mountain's coronet,
And, winding through a thousand labyrinths
Of darkness, deserts, and drear solitudes,
Yet never dies, but gaining depth and power,
Leaps forth at last with uncontrollable might
Into immortal sunshine and the breast
Of boundless ocean,—so is this my soul."

But the soul murmured at her lot, and that one murmur despoiled her of her glory:—

"I became

A dark and tyrant cloud driven by the storm,
Too earthly to be bright, too hard of heart
To drop in mercy on the thirsty land;
And so no creature loved me. I was felt
A blot where'er I came. Fair Summer scorn'd
And spurn'd me from her blueness, for she said,
I would not wear her golden fringe, and so
She could not rank me in her sparkling train.
Soft Spring refused me, for she could not paint
Her rainbows on a nature cold as mine,
Incapable of tears. Autumn despised
One who could do no good. Dark Winter frown'd,
And numbered me among his ruffian host
Of racers. Then unceasingly I fled
Despairing through the murky firmament,
Like a lone wreck athwart a midnight sea,
Chased by the howling spirits of the storm,
And without rest. At last, one day I saw,
In my continual flight, a desert blank
And broad beneath me, where no water was;
And there I marked a weary antelope,
Dying for thirst, all stretch'd out on the sand,
With her poor trembling lips in agony
Press'd to a scorch'd-up spring; then, then, at last,
My hard heart broke and I could weep. At once
My terrible race was stopp'd, and I did melt

Into the desert's heart, and with my tears
I quench'd the thirst of the poor antelope.
So having pour'd myself into the dry
And desolate waste, I sprang up a wild flower
In solitary beauty. There I grew
Alone and feverish, for the hot sun burn'd,
And parch'd my tender leaves, and not a sigh
Came from the winds. I seem'd to breathe an air
Of fire, and had resign'd myself to death,
When lo! a solitary dewdrop fell
Into my burning bosom; then, for joy,
My spirit rush'd into my lovely guest,
And I became a dewdrop. Then, once more
My life was joyous, for the kingly sun
Carried me up into the firmament,
And hung me in a rainbow, and my soul
Was robed in seven bright colours, and became
A jewel in the sky. So did I learn
The first great lessons; mark ye them, my sons:
Obedience is nobility; and meek
Humility is glory; self alone
Is base; and pride is pain; patience is power;
Benediction is bliss."

It will be felt that this is no common verse—that it is true poetry; and there are other passages of fully equal merit in the poem. The minor poems are chiefly on religious subjects. Some of them are really fine, and all are exquisite in sentiment and tone. From the last, entitled *To Die*, we will make an extract:—

"The flowers die sweetly; wept by evening dew
They sigh out their last fragrance; their rich souls
Breathing away in balm, and one by one
The delicate petals shrink and fold, and fall
Silently on the grass; struggle is none;
But even as if the very finger of peace,
With fond and tender touch dissolved the flower,
So doth it die. How sweet to die like this!
The soul out-breathed as incense on the breast
Of its Redeemer, softly, silently,
Love-melted in the heav'n-flood of His smile!"

The wave dies grandly on the rocky shore,
Self-sacrificed in thunder—shaking cliffs—
Crushing proud argosies; such death is dread
And fearful; so expire world-conquering kings.
The river dies in rapture when she finds
Her ocean-mother's bosom; full and deep
But quiet is her joy; so faith's still flood
Is lost in the pure waves of boundless bliss.

The stars shall die in glory; highest song
Of resurrection rolling deepening on
From flaming orb to orb; and they shall fall
To music measureless, in the vast blaze
Of their own burning splendours; at the sweep
Of the Almighty finger they shall drop
From heaven's high harp; so did the martyrs die,
In flame, and ecstasy, and seraph song.
In music melt the thunders, while dumb earth
Is yet in trembling silence bowed to hear
Their billowy voices. Hush! their souls expire
In far, far rolling melodies; so dies
The immortal poet, he who, having shaken
Wide realms with music, breathes his childlike spirit
Into the triumph hymn.

Lovely dies Spring in Summer; music swells
Around her, and with perfect bridal bliss
She loses her own beauty in the joy
Of union with her one lov'd, and thus
Dying she lives in Him. So doth the bride
Of Jesus; when His image she receives,
She hastes to perfect union with her Lord,
Losing herself in Him; forsaking all
To live His life."

The faults of the author are apparently attributable to a too great fluency. She needs more reticence. She repeats herself too much. And there is more than enough of the same sort of imagery,—of birds, and flowers, and dew-drops, and clouds, and lightnings, and rainbows—especially rainbows.

Here we had ended our notice of Miss Tatham's poems, but, at the very moment there reached us a *Second Edition*, in a handsomer form, revised and enlarged. (Longman and Co.) We have at once detected many delicate corrections, which show a nice sense of the power and beauty of words; and we have had to revise our extracts by the improved edition now given us. To have thus early gained the popularity and approval that have crowned these first poetical efforts, is an unusual success; and that that success has been felt as a motive and impulse to careful revision and improvement, is a sign so hopeful, that we expect to see the author yet more abundantly deserve and receive the honours of a poetess. There are several new poems in this second edition: but, however beautiful in themselves, they are chiefly to be noticed for variousness of subject—which was somewhat wanting in the volume,—and for the indication thus given of a greater range of powers than would, at first sight, have seemed to be possessed by the author. A purely intellectual growth and strengthening is the great requirement for her future success;—her imagination wants materials. If, as is reputed, she is quite young, that want may be, and no doubt will be, well cared for, and adequately supplied. Finally, let us simply say, that no words we can write here will do justice to the purity, sweetness, and devoutness of the feeling with which the whole of this charming book is pervaded.

Sonnets on Anglo-Saxon History. By ANN HAWKESHAU. (London: John Chapman.)—There are here a hundred sonnets—mechanically, nearly perfect; poetically, the product of taste and culture, perhaps, more than of genius or inspiration.

They are fine verses, and have given us so much true satisfaction, that we quite fondly wish they had more of the subtle life and essence of poesy in them. They range over the whole of early British history, to the Battle of Hastings;—the first seven being preliminary to the Anglo-Saxon period, and the rest touching upon the prominent events and persons of the Anglo-Saxon times. Each sonnet has its corresponding page of historical introduction or explanation; and, unfortunately, were it not for this, many of the sonnets themselves would be unintelligible. This is their grand defect—they do not speak for themselves. But they exhibit much intellect and refinement; and have quiet depths of clear and refreshing thought. They will assuredly gain the ear and touch the sympathy of meditative readers. We select two exceedingly pleasing specimens.

CHRISTIANITY RECEIVED BY THE SAXONS.

"This essay on the accustomed path to tread,
Worn by the feet of generations past;
But he who treads it first, or treads it last,
Venturing where all is silent as the dead—
Or lingering there when all besides are fled—
These are the lofty spirits who unfold
New views of greatness or preserve the old.
Both noble, but by different natures led:
The Saxon story tells of one who flung
His fateful arrow at the idol's shrine,
While others round the mouldering ruins hung,
Whose desolation was to them divine:
Types of two classes who must ever be
Within a land that would be strong, yet free!"

UNDER CURRENTS.

"But silently beneath this noise and strife,
Worked countless energies of heart and head,
And men, the glooms of time have overspread,
Nor left a single annal of their life;
Who tells what savage shaped from ore the knife?
Toil for the good of men, but ask not fame,
Ages may bless thy work not know thy name,
No good once done time in the dust can tread.
The marsh is drained, the yellow harvest waves
Where the lone heron watched the laggy stream,
Wood-lighted hearths were there, flower-sprinkled graves.
And love and hope; 'twas life and not a dream;
And that blest gift to weary man from heaven
Came to toil-worn serf—one day of rest in seven."

The last lines refer to Palgrave's remark, that—"One of the greatest boons Christianity gave to the poor Saxon serf was the enjoyment of the Sabbath. The master who compelled his serf to work for him on that day could be obliged to give him his freedom." The human interest predominates over the merely historical in all these sonnets—as our last quotation will illustrate.

ALFRED THE GREAT—THE CHILD.

"True, he was but a child, but a child's heart
Is a strange mystery, clear but fathomless,
Knowing but little of itself, we less:
Bright things it holds, but then it hath no art
To bring them forth into the great world's mart,
So like the pearls of ocean there they dwell,
Glistening in beauty in a closed shell:
And painted there and never to depart
Are nature's scenes, that daily, silently,
She places deeper in the inmost heart;
And like sun-pictures, that we never see
Till shaded from the light that bade them start
Into strange beauty, 'tis amid the strife
Of manhood, that we view our scenes of early life."

Songs of the Present. By ARCHER GURNEY. (London: Clarke, Beeton, and Co.)—These compositions are not all songs;—there is blank verse, and descriptive poetry of various forms. The songs are not those of sentiment and passion; but of social life and the domestic affections; and a few are political. They all breathe faith in God and goodness, and loving goodwill to mankind. They contain occasionally things we disapprove;—such as their touches (not altogether undeserved or unfair, however) on "Methodistic" religion, and a few items of a political creed from which we dissent. But their general views are sensible and liberal; and their feeling is healthy and hearty. The author has evidently put constraint on himself, that he may write plain verses that shall not overshoot the sympathies and culture of those whose hearts he would purify and warm, whose energies he would arouse to faithful and noble effort in the battle of life. He takes care not to lose sight of his didactic aim in the indulgence of his fancy. He is sparing of the mere adornments that might hide his moral intention from such minds as he seeks to win. It is by the spirit and purpose of the book, however, much more than by its expressed sentiments or underlying opinions, that we are attracted, and led to commend it. The concluding "Prayer" contains its key-note.

"God, who hearts and empires rulest,
I to Thee this work commend:
Thou by grief thy loved ones schoolest,
Till they own Thee in the end.

"Grant to all oppressed by sorrow,
Patience to endure grave wrong:
But, oh, speed the golden morrow,
Speed the kingdom promised long.

"Aid, meanwhile, each faint endeavour
Thine appointed work to do:
Still the harvest's great as ever,
Still the labourers are few.

"Selfish sin and tyrant malice
Still to rule this world essay;
O'er the dungeon and the palace
Arrogate the like dread sway.

"Well I know my weak voice falters;
Little bold desires perform:
Cleanse and guard our hearths and altars
From the canker and the storm."

"And to me, the minstrel nameless,
Only this, Blest Lord, impart,
Aim sincere, and conscience blameless,
And a meek, contented heart."

"But that noble British nation,
For whose sake my lyre I strung,
Sanctify with Thy salvation,
Make them all I've hoped and sung."

"Blend the hearts of warring classes
In devotion at Thy throne,
Till our noblest, till our masses,
Brotherhood immortal own!"

The book is in four parts:—*Battle Ardours*—with which we don't much sympathise; *Warning Voices*; *Voices of Hope*; and *Voices of Cheer*. We can hardly venture an extract that will satisfactorily represent either of these divisions of song; but, for the sake of a real importance that they have, we give the following stanzas "To the Clergy."

"Will ye take an exhortation
From the bustling artisan
You, who teach the world salvation,
Listen, teachers, if ye can.
While your voice's accent freezes,
Or to sleep our souls doth woo,
We might gain more good from breezes
And from sunshine than from you."

"Would we scoff at all that's holy?
God forbid! An earnest voice
Thrills us, even in accents lowly,
Bids us sorrow or rejoice.
Earnestness, an aim, a knowledge
Of the hearts you seek to win,
These will scarce be learnt at college:
Trust us, reason is not sin."

"Go amongst your striving brothers,
Learn the secret of their lives;
Know yourselves, and you'll know others:
Wisdom more than knowledge thrives.
Mere book-learning shrinks and moulders;
You must live as men with men,
And you'll turn dull-eyed beholders
Into eager listeners then."

"You might win our restless masses
If you'd speak but what you feel:
This reserve all bounds surpasses
Which would love itself conceal.
Love, and a eak as love inspires you!
Faithful words ne'er fruitless fall:
And if God's good spirit fires you,
Your hearts' glow shall quicken all."

If our readers make further acquaintance with this volume, they will not think we have said too much of either its poetical or moral merits.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

We do not remember a Christmas Season that has been richer in first-rate books for the young. We have had so much pleasure in looking over the volumes we are now to introduce, that we must express our warmest wishes for the full remuneration of the authors, artists, and publishers, to whom our children owe such a rare treat.

The first place must be given to a veteran in the literature of boyhood—to Mr. WILLIAM HOWITT, whose new book is entitled, *A Boy's Adventures in the Wilds of Australia*; or *Herbert's Note-Book*. (A. Hall and Co.) This book was written in the midst of the scenes it describes, and has the reality and vividness of actual experience and adventure. In the form of a boy's journal, it pictures Australian scenes, and records the incidents of travel in the bush. The natural history of the bush is very instructively and amusingly woven into the story; and we hear all about the everlasting gum tree, the exquisite orchises, the various acacias; the troops of opossums, the kangaroos, and the wombats; the parrots, paroquets, and beautiful smaller birds,—and especially, of the 'piping crow,' with its odd warbling and croaking, and the 'leatherhead' with its magpie-like imitations of men's talk, and the 'laughing jackas,' with its long 'ha! ha! ho!'—birds, all of them, whose performances are altogether "in the jolly and comic style." Then we are the witnesses of life in the wilds, and at the 'diggings,'—or harken to the stories told around the night fire, of the depredations and murders committed by bush-rangers, or of the adventures of 'stockmen' in the bush, or 'prospecters' on tramp for gold. Some of these stories are capital. 'Stockman Still' and 'Paddy, the Prospector,' are full of pathos; 'Mrs. Darlot's Visitors,' and 'The Macdonalds and the Bush Fire,' full of exciting incidents. And then the closing chapters contain an account of the natives of Australia, and of the progress of Australian discovery and exploration, with other matters both useful and interesting. Let us then commend it, to boys especially, as decidedly first-rate—one of the best books ever furnished for their gratification.

Our next volume is also by an established favourite, and one always welcomed by us as heartily as if we were boys still. Captain MAYNE REID gives us *The Forest Exiles*; or *Perils of a Peruvian Family*

amid the Wilds of the Amazon. (D. Bogue.) Here is a region less known than even Australia; with a fauna and flora possessing the charms of novelty and remarkableness beyond almost any other. The readers who have accompanied Captain Mayne Reid through the cold North of the American continent, will be delighted more than ever in becoming his companions in the sunny South.—The adventures of Don Pablo and his family are of quite absorbing interest, and form the skeleton of a most instructive and pleasantly written account of the natural history of the vast valley of the mighty Amazon, through the trackless forest of which—"the biggest wood in the world"—the travellers have to make their eventful way. We cannot tell our young friends all that is to be seen in these forests. There are giant 'Ceiba' trees, and the 'samang,' and the 'caoba,' twined by huge parasites as thick as themselves;—there, palms of many varying and beautiful forms;—there, the 'coco-tree,' with its milk fountains, rich and full;—there, the seringa, the cinchona, the indigo, or the arnatto;—and there, on the waters, are glorious lilies, and the *Victoria Regia*, most glorious of all. Yonder—a dreadful, noble sight—basks the spotted jaguar; in the shade skulks the ocelot; there crawls the armadillo; there goes the ant-bear to his ravages; and there spring and riot the monkeys, big and little, all shapes and sizes. And the birds!—eagles, vultures, herons, ibises, flamingoes, toucans, parrots, and others almost endless. And the horrid reptiles! ugh!—we can't bear the sight of a snake,—we chill all over at the thought of the boas, the iguanas, and the crocodiles that are here. Well, Captain Mayne Reid will tell his 'boy-reader' all about these things and creatures;—he's familiar enough with them, and knows the trick of finding, catching, shooting, or scotching, as may be required. By all means let him have a few of the Christmas evenings in every house in the land, and let the young folks gather round him. It's every bit as good as going to the Amazon and Andes for yourself,—and a deal safer and more convenient. The illustrations are excellent—'Harrison Weir' is a guarantee for a good picture in which animals are to be chief figures.

But now we open a volume, which, without disparagement to any other in our list, must be pronounced the highest and best of all, both as to the class to which it belongs and the literary character it possesses. We know nothing in our English literature that has more real excellence as a book for elder boys, than Mr. HENRY MAYHEW'S *Story of the Peasant-boy Philosopher*; or *'A Child gathering Pebbles on the Sea-shore.'* (D. Bogue.) Whatever merits may belong to Mr. Mayhew's previous literary labours, we are persuaded that he will owe the larger part of his ultimate reputation to the popularity of this beautiful book. It is one that cannot grow old,—that must be universally welcome,—and that is sure to be reproduced in edition after edition, for many generations of boys to come. It is founded on the story of Ferguson the shepherd-boy astronomer; but uses freely and at will the materials drawn thence, without attempting anything like a reproduction of the scenes or exact events of his early life. Characters and incidents are invented by the author, so as to carry out effectively his design; and the tale is as full of genuine interest, as it is artistically constructed and written with vigour and fine taste. Mr. Mayhew's object is to awaken "a taste for natural science, by means of the feelings of wonder and admiration." He does not wish to cram with partial knowledge; but to excite the love of such studies, and impress the mind with "a sense of some of the higher truths that lie beyond the mere province of 'physics.'" In his Preface, he dwells on the distinction between *passive* and *active* attention; and points out the defectiveness of ordinary education as it respects the latter; and he offers this book as a help to the production in youth of something more than acquisitiveness, namely, the *inquisitiveness* which expands the *faculties* themselves, additionally to *gathering knowledge*, with which the former generally ends. The educators of youth generally, might derive useful aid from the work, in the devising means for encouraging activity of intellect, rather than mere receptivity, in those they are training. The multitudes of youths who have "finished their education," and who are entering on business-life, with its temptations to neglect personal culture, or, as is often the case, with worse temptations still, form a class in which we heartily wish this volume may find a circulation far and wide. It will instruct and quicken every sincere reader of it. It has our most deliberate and weighty commendation. It is almost alone in its high class at present; the worst we wish it is, that it may not long continue so. The engravings in the volume are numerous, both imaginative illustrations and diagrams; they are also very superior, in both design and execution.

Many of our readers will remember the happy and successful biographical sketches published under the titles of "The Boyhood of Great Men" and "Foot-prints of Famous Men." The same author makes this year a welcome appearance in the following work—*History for Boys; or Annals of the Nations of Modern Europe*: by J. G. EDGAR. (D. Bogue.) This volume is eminently fitted to create a taste for historical studies in boys; and gives them a good outline of the history of the various nations of Europe. The rise and progress of these states severally is traced carefully and clearly; and the principal events in their annals are narrated graphically and interestingly; so as to present a brief general view of modern history. The space within which Mr. Edgar has been confined is narrow; but he has filled it admirably and strikingly. More attractive historical sketches for young people were never written. They concentrate a vast amount of information, and cannot fail to give their readers a sense of the uses and importance of historical knowledge. There will be no weariness or dissatisfaction in the perusal of the book, and few will rise from it without an eager desire to read further and know more. Occasionally we dissent from the author's historical judgments; but on the whole, are surprised that there is so little to which exception can be taken. It is no insignificant achievement to have secured such solidity and value to a compendium that is, at the same time, so delightful and amusing a piece of reading. We congratulate Mr. Edgar on his distinguished success, and the boys for whom the work is prepared on their privilege in having such a pleasing instructor. This volume, too, is nicely illustrated, with eight good woodcuts.

Faggots for the Fireside; or Tales of Fact and Fancy, by PETER PARLEY: (Grant and Griffith)—is a series of tales and fables, long and short, in which there is every variety of scene, character, circumstance, and adventure. A rare holiday treat! A very treasure of capital story! Happy the boys and girls who have such books in plenty! And wonderful will be the silence and absorption while the young folks are occupied with "The Boy Captive," or "The Adventures of Thomas Titmouse," or "The Autobiography of a Sparrow," or "The Children of the Sun," or "The Avalanche," or "The Boston Boys of a Hundred Years ago," and "Flint and Steel." Addressing itself to a younger class than that in which the volumes we have previously noticed seek their audience, this is not their inferior, as a gift-book for the young of from ten to fourteen years of age. And whether it be from the old veritable "Peter Parley," or no, it is everything in interest, in tone, and in its whole spirit, that that child-honoured name deserves, and that parents could wish for their children. We mustn't forget the plates—the tinted plates; they are spirited, well-executed, really illustrative, and numerous.

Mrs. LEE, the author of the admirable volumes of "Anecdotes of Animals," and of the clever "Stories of the Sayings and Doings of Animals," gives us another tale, called *Playing at Settlers; or The Faggot House*: (Grant and Griffith)—and assures us that it is no fiction, but a recollection of former happy hours, so that "the whole book may be accepted with but little reserve as to its veracity." Many young readers will be delighted to learn from Mrs. Lee how to "camp" in the fields or the woods, when summer returns again; and how, happy and rationally, to fill up a holiday with simple pleasures. There are many nice people and striking events in the story; and they are presented most charmingly. Mr. John Gilbert's illustrations are worthy of the story, and of himself.—The same publishers produce *Words by the Way-side; or, The Children and the Flowers*; by EMILY AXTON (Grant & Griffith) which is an interesting account of the walks and talks of a family of little Hamiltons with their very intelligent and agreeable governess, Miss Vaughan. The way-side yields them flowers, and Miss Vaughan teaches them vegetable physiology and the botany of our English fields. A very pleasant life they make of it; and with all our heart we recommend young people to make their acquaintance. The book is a very superior one; and not content with present amusement or instruction, seeks to cultivate a taste for the further study of botany, which was surely never made so simple and beautiful to children before. This book, too, has pictures,—from the pencil of Mr. Anelay.—It is again to Messrs. Grant and Griffith that we owe—*The Discontented Children, and How they were Cured*. By MARY and ELIZABETH KIRBY. It is a fairy tale. Why have we so few fairy tales now-a-days? We decidedly regret that purely imaginative literature for children gets scarce. Oh, for the wild extravaganzas, and glorious impossibilities, say we! And we'll defend the prepossession, as a duty to the splendid memories of childhood and fairy tales that haunt us even now. To the Misses Kirby, then, our thanks and welcomes. An uncommonly clever story is this; turning on the mutual discontent with their lot of a gentleman's children and the children of his gamekeeper; who are, therefore, transformed by a fairy, the gamekeeper's children becoming the young gentry, and the young gentry becoming the cottagers. But still they retain their inner identity, their individual consciousness, though externally transmogrified; and a most amusing series of confusions, mysteries, and miseries, is the result of the fairy change: until at last, having mutually suffered enough, and learnt to desire humbly their former lot and condition, they are once more, by the good fairy Content, changed to their old image and proper selves. It is very capably contrived, is told spiritedly, and with humour. It also has a good moral. The illustrations are by the celebrated Phiz; and, of course, have the fun and spirit of the story in them.

Printed by WILLIAM FREEMAN, of 15, Hill-street, Peckham, Surrey, at the office of Messrs. PETER and COMPANY, New-street, Doctors' Commons; and published by him at No. 69, Fleet-street, London.—Wednesday, December 27, 1854.



